505

Vol. 17, No. 26 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 7, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Per Annum [in advance], \$2. }

Whole No. 858

Thingsin Ceneral

THE rector of a prominent Anglican church east of Toronto wrote me over a month ago a rather startling letter, from which I extract the following: "Noticing your remarks in the last issue with reference to the W.C.T.U. I wish to communicate an idea of mine to you, hoping you will treat it some day on your front page. In the opinion of a growing number of thoughtful people, a greater evil threatens our civilization, more dangerous even than drink or cigarettes. I allude to race-suicide, or pre-natal abortion. You are of course aware of the protests that have been raised against this practice by moralists. Now what object could the W.C.T.U. more fitly undertake than a crusade against this evil? It is well known that the wife is the one who objects to the baby; women are becoming more and more hostile to motherhood. W.C.T.U. leaders are directing their energies exclusively against masculine failings, but would it not be more timely to initiate a movement against a vice fostered by their own sex? I would like to see this suggestion made in your courageous and inimitable style in your journal."

I would have much preferred if my clerical friend had permitted me to use his name, and thus stood sponsor for a subject too generally avoided as unsuitable for the readers of a family newspaper. Some years ago one of the most prominent Anglican clergymen in Prince Edward Island preached a very outspoken sermen on the subject, a copy of which he sent me, and it was published in "Saturday Night." While I have never been afraid to express my opinion on this or any other topic, I certainly prefer those more privileged to discuss such matters to lead the way. The above letter has been lying on my desk for more than a month, and probably would not have been used even now had not the question of "race suicide" been brought into such general notice that the Bishop of Ripon last week was prompted to deliver himself of a very strong address based on the recent statistics in regard to the decrease in the birth rate of Great Britain. I

"race suicide" been brought into such general notice that the Bishop of Ripon last week was prompted to deliver himself of a very strong address based on the recent statistics in regard to the decrease in the birth rate of Great Britain. In this speech, quoting from an Associated Press despatch, "he denounced fashionable and childless marriages, where the duties of life were shirked and marriage made a mockery, as being more terrible than irregular alliances unsanctified by the Church. He pointed out that the whole of society was affected, for the birth rate in every European country was declining." Such a denunciation of course stirred up a wide-spread controversy in which the cable despatches tell us the most divergent views are being expressed. Henry James, the movelist, now in England, appears to have taken the view "that the falling off in the birth rate shows that people are beginning to think for themselves. It is the ultimate satisfactory solution of our social troubles and labor difficulties. Large families to the working classes are an inexpressible burden and the overstocked labor market leads to poverty, degeneracy and crime. With foreign invasion stopped and large families abolished, England will have ten times a happier population and greater individual health. The falling off in the birth rate is the best news in our times, according to Mr. James."

While many writers are strongly supporting Mr. James's

population and greater individual health. The falling off in the birth rate is the best news in our times, according to Mr. James."

While many writers are strongly supporting Mr. James's views, many others naturally rush to the support of the Bishop. "For example," according to the cable, "Dr. Taylor, president of the British Gynaecological Society, and a scientist of European reputation, points out that the birth rate of the United Kingdom from 1874 to 1878 was 34.3 per 1,000, from 1894 to 1898 29.1 per 1,000, and in 1901 28. The decline was greater than in any European country. There are 500 births a week fewer in London than twenty years ago." Dr. Taylor, as a medical man, "is convinced from the result of many years' cbservation that the sudden danger of chronic disease may be the result. He points out that since the fall of the birth rate became decided the number of juvenile criminals has risen and the proportion of them in England is higher than in any other country. The lunacy statistics are the same as the moral ones, while there is no indication that the intellectual capacity of the young is increasing. He quotes Karl Pearson as saying, 'Mentally better stock of the nation is not reproducing itself at the same rate as of old."

Much of the cablegram I have quoted is pertinent as showing how seriously this matter is being regarded by some of the best minds in Great Britain, and indicating that it is worthy of the attention which my clerical correspondent suggests should be given it by the W.C.T.U. In a section of the country I have been recently visiting the ladies are given over to fraternal, secret, religious and temperance organizations to an extent I never before saw paralleled. Many of them seem to think that they are not busy doing their duty unless they have an appointment in the afternoon, another at night and committee meetings in the morning. The W.C.T.U. are by long odds the largest and busiest of these bands; indeed, the ladies of the section I speak of boast that they have the biggest Unio while from their efforts to reform mere men, I can see a thou sand reasons why they should take up a subject of such para mount importance as race suicide, which, if it long continues to increase in its present ratio, will leave little or no "civil work. Despite my alleged tendency to levity, I feel like making the possible mistake of treating this matter with serimaking the possible mistake of treating this matter with serious candor. The impulse which is causing many of the best educated and most cultured women to look upon maternity with fear and loathing deserves to be analyzed by every preacher and writer in the land. We are all more or less believers in the law of evolution, the law of selection and the survival of the fittest, and doubtless the instinct to restrict or altogether avoid child-bearing is coming up as a consequence of many changes in our moral, mental, spiritual and social conditions. As man gets further away from the lowest social conditions. As man gets further away from the lowest species from which the race is said by scientists to have come, improper methods have evidently followed immature reasoning as immoderate fears of pain have been excited by superficial observation.

Much clamor nowadays is caused by the occasionally apparent injustice with which our laws are enforced. Corruption is charged in every direction, both in politics and business. De bauchery and vice may be less open and shameless than it once was, and the virtue of the multitude may appear to have in-creased, but if "race suicide," the new name for the avoidance of child-bearing—or child-murder as it is denounced by church men—is as prevalent as it is generally supposed to be, what can be thought of—taking the most latitudinarian view—as little better than vice and which is certainly a breaking of the laws of God and man and nature, is taking the place of more laws of God and man and nature, is taking the place of more open violation of the rules which are still formally considered best for the human race. Communities are surprised at the difficulty of convicting well-known abortionists of their offences, yet why should surprise, let alone horror, be caused that a man is not sent to the gallows, as is possible, or the penitentiary for life, as men often have been, for doing that which it is said so many women do for themselves? Either the law should be changed, making it legally proper for qualified physicans to do this sort of thing properly and thus reduce the terrible consequences of recklessness and malpractice pointed out by Dr. Taylor, or else every social and fraternal and religious and temperance organization of women should devote every spare moment towards the discouraging of the appalling practices of which even hardened men of the world, such as editors, are almost afraid to speak. The great number of those innocent of these matters may doubt the existence of what has been referred to, and be shocked even by this exwhat has been referred to, and be shocked even by this ex satisfy themselves of the widespread existence of this defiance of nature by reading some of the advertisements in almost all of the daily papers, by asking their family physician, or by enquiring privately of the average druggist regarding the ap-

pliances which he keeps for sale. Therefore if this unnatural condition exists and is not a blessing, as Mr. James asserts it is, but a vice and a crime, as Bishop Ripon preaches and as my clerical correspondent evidently believes, the W.C.T.U. could not better employ their energies than in a crusade against it. The time for silence is past. As the fear of hell is not now considered as the best means of driving people heavenward, so the fear of consequences of a child-bearing sort can hardly be regarded, as in the past, one of the most potent incentives to feminine virtue.

I T appears that Lord William Mackenzie, first juke of Canada Northern and Over Boss of Toronto Railway, together with Me Lud Kerr of "Rathnelly," who are only two lone, insignificant men when they are buying clothes or paying for meal tickets, have undertaken to stop the bringing into the city of a large section of North Toronto, though the petitioners, numbering some seventy or eighty property-holders, are just as good people as those who would keep them cut by virtue of owning about one-third of the property concerned. Both obstructionists have been able to seize city advantages and have nothing to gain but additional taxes, yet both of them have been given by governments what makes them powerful—franchises and subsidies in one case and a senatorship in the other. 'Tis thus cute peasants feed on their fellows, grow great and become more lordly than the king, more selfish than the devil, and more overbearing than a champion pugilist. champion pugilist.

HE "vindication" business never was much of a trick THE "vindication" business never was much of a trick, anyway, but the way it walked up to ex-Controller Richardson last Saturday and kicked him in the neck was absolutely funny, though a trifle expensive. The ex-Controller is probably much less overcome by sorrow that his

for the by-law to save themselves from the harsh criticism of their non-Catholic neighbors.

While this much can be gleaned from the expressions of opinion reported from St. Catharines, the Separate school supporters still maintain that they have a moral right to a share of the taxes it is proposed to create. It is right here they make their mistake, and no doubt they are sincere in their pious adhesion to their error. No citizen has any inherent moral right to divert any part of the public taxes from that which has to do with the welfare of the whole community. That they have the administration of any of the school taxes is not a right, but a gift made them by weak-backed and softheaded legislators in a political compromise. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists or Anglicans have just as much right to kick up their heels in any municipality and say they will defeat every proposition that is made for the good of the locality unless some of the taxes are given them to build churches or schools, as the Roman Catholics have to clamor for more than a share which an unwise statute already gives them. The demonstration made by the Separate School Board in St. Catharines was not only in bad taste, but from the point of view of their own church the worst sort of politics. The very thing which the best and broadest-minded Roman Catholics of Canada—and there are many such—have been spending their lifetimes in trying to disprove was shown to be a common sentiment in St. Catharines. The Separate School Board spoke of its constituents as a separate class of the community, and made a threat to use the Catholic Vote in a way generally conceded to be opposed to the public good. The very best of them now can scarcely deny that there is such a thing as the Roman Catholic Vote available for church purposes even when being exercised in secular matters. The very vote that threatens to beat a bonus bylaw to serve a church purpose can be pretty certainly relied

of tracks filled with trains running every which-way. Some fine day a heap of mangled humanity will be dug out frow under an engine—and then everyone will scramble to have the bridge built in forty-eight hours. A few ounces of reabusiness foresight is worth a whole trainload of post-tragedy, hysteria, but this city seems to always prefer the hysteria.

the bridge built in forty-eight hours. A few onnees of reabusiness foresight is worth a whole trainload of post-tragedy, hysteria, but this city seems to always prefer the hysteria.

A BOUT twelve or fifteen thousand working people of Montreal have been done up by a scheme which has been worked in one form or another for years—a scheme that always seems fresh and up-to-date enough to catch the people who are on the look-out for something for nothing. La Compagnie de Credit du Canada had been doing business in the Eastern metropolis since last June, and though the proposition that the "workers" put before the public was so obviously a skin-game, no one thought of questioning their right to exist until a few days ago. This bunch is not the only, one of .ae brand that is prosecuting the same systematic swindle; Montreal has four or five other outfits in that line of business—and pretty nearly every grown-up city in the country could exhibit its specimen if it were called on to produce the goods. It is the laboring people that these wholesale confidence men get after—though they usually manage to work in a few widows and orphans on the side. Sometimes they call themselves loan or mortgage companies, sometimes private banks. One thing they all have in common—though their methods differ in minor points—and that is a flashy proposition to pay their victims higher rates of interest than are offered by legitimate financial concerns. The Montreal crowd went the limit by promising returns of five or six hundred per cent. In perhaps no place but Montreal would such an offer have been taken seriously. The French-Canadian will always drive a pretty hard bargain, and this grasping feature in his composition tends to make him an easy victim for anyone who will promise him something for nothing. When he is to be the beneficiary he has mighty little idea of what should be considered a fair profit. The more you offer him the readier he is to bite. In Toronto a company promising anything like five or six hundred per cent. would ex quick" man were to promise what looked like too much, people would at once get on to the fact that he was using their money for gambling purposes. I suppose frauds of this kind will be worked as long as people are foolish enough to believe that "private banks" can afford to pay more for the use of money than can chartered once—and yet use the money only for legitimate purposes. The market price for money is regulated in exactly the same way as the price of anything else—by supply and demand. If money is worth only four per cent, that is all that any sound business man will pay for it. If the price of cabbages is five cents a head, and someone comea along and offers six or seven cents, the chances are that he doesn't intend to pay for them. As it is with cabbages, so it is with money. If someone offers you something above the market price for it, you may be sure that you are paying for the increase yourself by the greater risk you run.

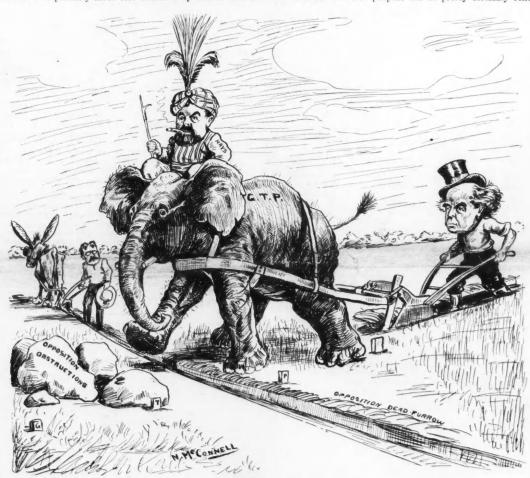
For the increase yourself by the greater risk you run.

OR the last eight months a Yankee professor has been conducting experiments with a squad of soldiers at Yale in an effort to discover how little food of how poor quality a soldier can live and work on without taking to the tall timbers. If the experiments had turned out to be a success, the professor would have unreeled a lot of remarks about the folly and danger of eating things and the wisdom and economy of starvation. Unfortunately for the seeker after freak information, the soldiers didn't seem to flourish on the stuff he gave them, and all the food wisdom that the investigator was able to hand out to the public was the same old thing that we all have been told since we cut our first teeth, "We eat too nuch; we cat too fast; we would live much longer and do our work much better if we ate only half as much meat as we do."

This is the result of eight months of experimenting—which incidentally knocked the constitutions and brains of the victims to science into a condition from which they may never recover. There were twenty soldiers when the experiments started. There were twenty soldiers when the experiments started. Eleven let the professor do his worst, and came out alive; six had to be sent away at various stages of the game because they rebelled and ate meat; three made a bold break for liberty and grub, while one or two went insane. From the day when the tests started meat was entirely cut off the bill of fare. Cereals alone were used—and the supply of these was rapidly diminished till the men didn't know the difference when a meal was entirely skipped. Even those who saw the thing through expressed their entire disgust for the whole business and their desire to resign if they could honorably do so. Yet the professor thinks he has accomplished something. He has succeeded in getting himself advertised by those papers that mention his name. To the non-scientific mind there There were twenty soldiers when the experiments started. nention his name. To the non-scientific mind there appears to have been no other good purpose to be served. Playing tricks on the human body has become quite a fad on this continent. It seems to be taken for granted by the "Prothis continent. It seems to be taken for granted by the "frogressives" that anything that our ancestors thought or did or even ate must be entirely wrong—and that the very opposite is likely to be right. Consequently, they start in to change things—and the inoffensive public is made to suffer for the vagaries of a crank who thinks change and bustle and commotion must necessarily mean progress. If everyone would be content to eat what he likes and what agrees with him, to drink something wet that will not hurt him, to keep hours drink something wet that will not hurt him, to keep hours that fit in with his business, pleasure and health—while giving the faddist the go-by—there would be less need for doctors, hospitals and asylums and more demand for dwelling houses, quarter-section farms and nursery maids. It is this constant monkeying with This and tampering with That that knocks everyone and everything out.

THE following highly interesting view of church union has been received from a valued contributor. The article furnishes, I think, considerable food for thought:

"Church union is a subject at present attracting a great deal of attention not only in Canada, but in the United States. Just now the advocates of this jointing of forces are satisfied with directing their efforts to uniting the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies, but the object ultimately to be attained is something of a wider nature—noterian, Methodist and congregational contact wider nature—no-timately to be attained is something of a wider nature—no-thing short of a universal Protestant union for protective and aggressive purposes. So unanimous do the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists seem to be, and so few are the difficulties and objections revealed by the newspaper writers on the subject, that one might readily get the idea that there is but one side to the question. Looking at the matter in an unprejudiced light, I confess my inability to see that such a union would be either altogether practicable or an unqualified blessing to humanity. It seems to me that the reason for the existence of any one sect is to be found in a demand for it by a certain number of people. Each new denomination that comes into existence is in reality a protest against the limitations or excessive latitude of those that preceded it. This being the case, it would appear that the interests of the people would be best served by supplying their wants to the greatest precticable extent, rather than by reducing the variations in the forms of religious exercise. One can quite readily imagine the comparative ease with which one church could be maintained in comparative case with which one church could be maintained in a fully developed country of one race, where one temperament and practically one outlook prevails; but in a nation of mixed



A THROUGH RUN.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier-" Having put my hand to the plow, I will not turn back."

daily walk and conversation in municipal paths was not such as to attract the confidence of his fellow citizens, than that he was so foolish as to get out in the open and let a back-number like John Shaw beat the stuffin' out of him. No disrespect is intended as far as ex-Mayor Shaw is concerned but he had really been put out of the running for municipal but he had really been put out of the running for municipal office in any ordinary contest, even though he retained enough of the people's confidence to beat Richardson three to one. Civic legislators, like preachers and editors, easily become back-numbers, and are quietly pushed into the background by those who are tired of hearing what they have to say. There were no soft places made for ex-Controller Richardson to fall upon; the electors simply kicked his feet out from under him and almost laughed to hear him drop. Personally, no doubt, Mr. Richardson is a "good fellow," but municipally he is evidently regarded as a dangerous person. If Saturday's election can be regarded as anything but a gust of moral sidewind such as occasionally blows like a tornado up and down our streets, we may hope for the "good fellow" business to cut less figure in future municipal contests, and moral and mental fitness for the office to be more conspicuously attractive than in the past. Men whose methods are open and above-board seldom have to go to the courts or resign office and seek board seldom have to go to the courts or resign office and seek re-election to "vindicate" their honor. Sometimes, of course, men elected to office to support a certain party and policy in Parliament have to resign and appeal to their constituents if they feel forced to change their line of action. There was nothing of this kind in Mr. Richardson's case. His wits mus nothing of this kind in Mr. Richardson's case. His wits must have gone fishing if he thought any large section of Toronto voters would take the trouble to go to the polls and by endorsing his candidature practically proclaim themselves satisted that enough had been done to check ballot-stuffing and corrupt practices. Furthermore, his personal vanity, before it was punctured, must have been as big as a barn if he thought there were enough yaps in this city to return him to his office after he had been one of the chief beneficiaries of to his office after he had been one of the easer benenciaries of practices which had sent other men to prison. Nevertheless, there was a certain dash of courage about it which no one can help admiring, and it is this same impulse in the electoral heart which will heap everlasting contempt upon the other beneficiaries of the election frauds who retain their seats with a stolid indifference to the means used to obtain them and to the almost universal opinion that they ought to resign, and less themselves in a nice wet swamp in some back township. ose themselves in a nice, wet swamp in some back township

"HE supporters of Separate schools in St. Catharines, by latest reports, seem to have repented of their expressed determination to beat the Ross bonus by law if a por tion of the school taxes to be paid by the proposed factory is not pledged to them. As they put it now, they are anxious for the welfare of the town and feel that they will put them selves in a very uncomfortable position by following sectarianism rather than good citizenship. They also recognize the fact that if the by-law is beaten they will be accused of having caused the defeat, whether they do cause it or not, and the result will probably show that much as they would like to demonstrate their strength, many of them will vote

canon law astride the neck of the civil law and good citizen-ship with such brazen effrontery that no one can be surprised that popular disgust frightened the more astute politicians of the Church into a probable abandonment of their pro-gramme. One can only wonder that either the ever alert Church or those the Church selects as the local figureheads of its school system could ever have made so bad a break, particularly when public opinion had been so recently aroused by the Sturgeon Falls affair. by the Sturgeon Falls affair.

by the Sturgeon Falls affair.

In this sectarian connection I quote a sentence from an exceedingly clever letter I received, signed "Barrister," written in a very legal way, defending the action of the Legislature in the Sturgeon Falls affair: "Your bar sinister metaphor re the Sturgeon Falls school case may be pushed a little further.

A learned and eminently practical Canadian judge for whom you have expressed some admiration is credited with the dictum It is the duty of every Christian to ited with the dictum, 'It is the duty of every Christian to support his illegitimate children.'" I think I know the judge to whom "Barrister" refers, but I am afraid his dictum is misquoted. It is rather a paradox to say it is the duty of every Christian to support his illegitimate children, when certhough, sure enough, the result of the Sturgeon Falls escapade must be mothered by the Church, though step-mother-inlawed by the Legislature.

N the case of the Yonge street bridge someone has either bungled or deliberately watched a mistake being made without giving the city a friendly warning. The lately eased Railway Committee of the Privy Council got busy deceased Railway Committee of the Privy Council got ous last fall and, after examining at length the rival claims of Toronto and the railways, passed an order for the buildin of the bridge at the sole expense of the railway people. A the order has never been signed by the Governor-General-it Council, there is not much chance of its being signed at all-Council, there is not much chance of its being signed at allfor the body that made it having been wiped out, the decision
is merely a record of the intentions of a court that died in
labor. The City Council is chiefly to blame for not pressing
the decision to a finish when the order was once passed, in
stead of sitting down and waiting for the railways to tumble
over each other in their anxiety to part with their money
No one could expect Shanghnessy and Hays to chase the
Governor-General all over the country or to sit on his from
stems till be finally authorized them to set to work. steps till he finally authorized them to set to work. If it wasn't worth the trouble of seeing that the decision was regularly legalized, it wasn't worth bothering about in the first place. This bungle, however, is only what could be expected from the present City Hall outfit. One thing after any other they take up with a rush, and then drop them before anything is really accomplished. It is altogether likely that at least another year will elapse before a new order can be obtained—and then the chances are that it will not be so favorable as the old one. In the meantime thousands of people will risk their lives making a break across a network parentage, energetic enterprise and aggressive development anything like uniformity of creed would be impossible. If a mation develops in commerce, politics or education, it will of necessity branch out along new religious lines. Every original thinker that the country produces will make changes in the religion of his predecessors. The natural tendency of development is and always has been in the direction of variation. The law of evolution applies to religion quite as much as it does to anything else. The advocates of church union point with regret to the rivalries between churches, as if those rivalries vere something unnatural and discreditable, whereas in reality they are unfailing signs of health and vigor. So long as anything can put out new sprouts it is a sure sign that it is alive; when it settles down as an established thing that needs no improvement, it is not long before it starts down hill. Take the

thing can put out new sprouts it is a sure sign that it is alive; when it settles down as an established thing that needs no improvement, it is not long before it starts down hill. Take the best thing in the world, cut it off from competition, and you will soon convert it into an unadulterated curse.

"I don't think there is much danger of universal or even national church union coming in our day, or in the day of our immediate successors, but when it does come it may safely be predicted that the foundation of another great reformation will be laid. A united Protestant Church in Canada would eventually mean some sort of an 'Established Church'-something that has caused and will continue to cause a good deal of trouble in England. The tendency of all powerful churches is to become intolerant, grasping, powerful and corrupt. If we had only one Protestant church, there would be a constant race between it and the Catholics to fasten on to the big end of any public money that was going. Sturgeon Falls hold-ups would in all likelihood be worked by both churches for all they were worth. Where a church has too much power, politics and religion at once start to mingle—and instead of politics becoming moral, religion becomes political. The Christian religion was a very pure and healthy system before it started in to dabble with politics; but when statesmen discovered what a powerful instrument it was to make use of for their own purposes, morality went into eclipse for a time and the hypocritical tyrant had things all his own way. It was not until religious competition cropped up in the wake of a bloody reformation and revolution that Christianity began to make its way back to its original.

was to make use of for their own purposes, moranty went muceclipse for a time and the hypocritical tyrant had things all
his own way. It was not until religious competition cropped
up in the wake of a bloody reformation and revolution
that Christianity began to make its way back to its original
state of health. The fight that the first reformed churches
had for their liberty should be a warning against the retrograde movement which advocates of union claim is setting in—
though they call it by another name. If they ever do succeed
in getting back to one church, history will merely have to
start in on the old plan of repeating itself.

"But I don't believe the tendency of the country is in the
direction of any real union of the Evangelical churches. The
Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists may actually get together and unite, but such union will in all likeliheod be the signal for a dozen new sects to branch off from the
three and start in to work out their own destinies in their
own various ways. This nation is too young, too vigorous and
independent for anything else. Newcomers will continue to
flock in, bringing their bedding and creeds with them. Re
hgions will be crossed with the same facility as that with
which the different races blend, and the result will be something quite new and perhaps startling, but suited to the rething quite new and perhaps startling, but suited to the re-quirements of the children of mixed descent. Thus the tend-ency must be to branch out rather than to consolidate. Conency must be to branch out rather than to consolidate. Consolidation would be a good thing for missionary purposes—it would save money and remove the suspicion with which the prospective convert to Christianity regards a religion divided into many rival camps, as it is at present. But as scheme for general adoption it will not do. Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists may unite, become conservative, fashionable and exclusive—or they may entirely disappear—but those parts of the population from which they have desum their require in the past will be traviling. trely disappear—but those parts of the population from which they have drawn their recruits in the past will be traveling their own way under some other name. In the present state of civilization consolidation has become all the go. Pretty nearly everything that can unite does unite. Churches are about the last to take the fad up. But whether you call it union, combine or trust, it is the same thing—an effort to defeat natural laws by eliminating competition. It may either wreck things or wreck itself, but in the end it defeats its purpose. The trust is the most conspicuous commercial characteristic of our times—and the characteristic with which the majority of churches find the most fault. It is rather odd to see three of the most severe critics of commercial combines emulate what they criticize. The commercial trust will have its fling—it is having it—but it is only a passing phase in commercial development. Though it has been in existence but a few years, there are not wanting signs already that point to its eventual disappearance. A trust with money as its chief stock in trade is finding itself opposed by another combine representing labor. When the two recognize that they are possessed of equal power, it will not be long before conditions get back into their normal state where supply and demand will require things, as they were regulated from the first. get back into their normal state where supply and demand will regulate things as they were regulated from the first. The same laws that control business control religion. The people will eventually get what they want—and someone will always be ready and able to supply them with it, in spite of unions or any other conservation-of-energy-and-money devices that human ingenuity may contrive to invent."



AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.00

EDWARD GURNEY, - President.

Those desirous of subscribing for shares of the Bank may obtain application forms or sign the Stock Books, which are now open, at the Provisional Offices of the Bank, 23 KING STREET WEST (the Canadian of Commerce Building), TORONTO, ONT.

G. DE C. O'GRADY, - - General Manager.



In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St. Toronto

Branch "A" 522 Queen W. Cor. Hackney

ASSETS, \$3,000,000.00

3 1/2 % Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques.

OFFICE HOURS;

9 A.M. TO 4"P.M. SATURDAYS 9 A.M. TO 1 P.M. OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director,

CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

A Trust Company gives absolute security for the faithful performance of every clause in your will. Make your will and appoint this company as your executor.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited & CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$2,000,000.00
CAPITAL PAID-UP, - - - 800,000.00

Nfice and Safe Deposit Vaults ::: 14 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO 🏚

AND THE CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR



of the Horse Show last week from start to finish was gratifying in the extreme. In spite of weather not to be spoken of without using strong adjectives, the attendance rose nightly in numbers and each evening the first coup d'oci took in more brilliancy of toilette and animation of expres rose nightly in numbers and each evening the first coup d'oeil took in more brilliancy of toilette and animation of expression. It was rarely one saw a bored face, and the statuesque and stony pose of the mondaines of Gotham as they sit under the stares and half audible comments of cheeky promenaders is not observed in this smaller community, where the popular promenade is largely monopolized by men. and the women who pass occasionally are more likely to stop and shake hands with the occupants of the boxes than to gape at and comment upon them. Here in friendly little Toronto, everybody of prominence is much at their ease among friends at the Show, and although there were occasional sly peeps indulged with the occupants of the boxes than to gape at and comment upon them. Here in friendly little Toronto, everybody of prominence is much at their ease among friends at the Show, and although there were occasional sly peeps indulged in at the vice-Regal box when His Excellency and his dainty daughter sat therein, the good breeding of the promenaders forbade them to stare at our vice-Regal visitors. Lord Minto and Lady Eileen Elliot attended four sessions of the show, and His Excellency went in the mornings also, with a keen and knowing interest in horseflesh which has always ensured his popularity in the ring. Owners, exhibitors, jockeys and grooms vastly appreciate the fact that His Excellency's opinion is worth having on any gallant gelding or tidy mare that is entered for the Show. Lady Eileen was as lovely in her own girlish way, with her little enthusiasms and animated remarks and ready smiles for all her friends, as even her most ardent admirers anticipated. Needless to say, she did her sweet best to make up to everyone for the absence of the countess of Minto, who was greatly missed. We know by this time to which member of our vice-Regal family the weather man is kind, and that only one fair presence brings "Minto weather." It absolutely was too exasperating to see how the skies cleared and the moon shone out, after forty-eight hours of awful rain, fog and gloom, just as soon as the Ottawa train, with the Governor-General's private car attached, steamed out of Toronto. However, the triumph of the Horse Show is all the more notable, in the face of Jupiter Pluvius' mean treatment. Lady Eileen wore several very pretty costumes, one all white with white hat particularly became her, and each having that quality of fresh daintiness which seems to belong to both Lady Minto's frocks and her young daughter's. On Friday she carried a sheaf of sweet peas, which I heard was presented to her by the Daughters of the Empire. The two luncheons given in her honor by Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House brought together farewell on Saturday evening, when at a quarter to ten they left the Horse Show and drove off to their car.

Among the visitors in town for the Show was Mrs. Willie Hope of Montreal, formerly "Connie" Jazvis, daughter of Mr. Arthur Jarvis, who came with her sister, Mrs. Harry Gamble, and Mr. Gamble, with whom she stopped during her short visit. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, were also greeted and congratulated by Toronto friends. Mr. Richardson is a son of Canon Richardson of London. Mr. Adam Beek, was in town on Saturday and came in to the Show. also greeted and congratulated by Toronto friends. Mr. Richardson is a son of Canon Richardson of London. Mr. Adam Beek was in town on Saturday, and came in to the Show, leaving for home on the late afternoon train. The Mayor of London the Less came down alone, Mrs. Beek and Baby Marian being out of it this year. I heard people recalling the charming picture Mrs. Beek made as she drove her smart turnout at a former Horse Show of happy memory. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, looking quite radiant in a smart white costume and hat, was down for a day as Mrs. Hendrie's guest. Judge Finkle came on from Woodstock and Miss Helen Christie Gibbons was down from London, the guest of Miss Louie Janes, and looked very smart in a becoming blue gown and hat. Mr. Finucane, from Hamilton, Senator McSweeny, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Talbot from Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willmott, the lady in a most becoming pale blue costume or in white with a surtout of white glace touched with dainty color; Mrs. Sanford of Wesanford and her daughter and son-in-law from Hamilton; Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, from Guelph, who is always charmingly gowned and a very pretty young matron, was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Montague Allan of Montreal were the Master's guests at Chudleigh, as was also Mr. Fred Beardmore, whose small son has been here for two or three weeks, and one day got as far as the door of the Show, as far as for eighteen-months-old is perhaps wise. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers of Hamilton were Mrs. Warwick's guests at Sunnieholm, and were much welcomed. Mrs. D. D. Mann had Mrs. Galt as her guest at the Show. Several Montreal and Ottawa girls came to town for the week's end. On Saturday there was quite a ripple of welcome as Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn came in, radiant with smiles and showing but little traces of her long and devoted attendance on Captain Kirkpatrick at Old Point Comwelcome as Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn came in, radiant with smiles and showing but little traces of her long and devoted attendance on Captain Kirkpatrick at Old Point Comfort. Down near the west end, in the Gooderham box, was Mrs. Albert Gooderham, whom everyone was welcoming back to gay doings after her protracted and serious illness. Mrs. Gooderham is slowly recovering, but is yet only a shadow of her former self. Many a promenader paused to tell this delightful woman how glad they were to see her out again. One of the visitors who had plentiful welcome was Mrs. Philip Mackenzie of Rat Portage, who, as Aggie Vickers, was so bright and popular. Mrs. Mackenzie looks a very happy little natron and loves her northern home. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. And Mrs. Hendrie, junior, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Violet Crerar, and Miss Jones, a niece of Mr. Hendrie, with Mrs. Hay and her little daughter, were day by day in the Hendrie box. On one afternoon two very well-known girls drove in the ring. Miss Marjorie Arnoldi and Miss "Oolly" Kemp of Castle Frank. Mrs. Jack Dixon was in competition with them, and another lady also drove. Mrs. Dixon looked particularly nice in her natty turnout and Miss Kemp was exceedingly smart in a white suit with coat with capes and white hat. Miss Arnoldi, who won all sorts of prizes this year, drives superbly and was frequently cheered and appiauded. Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, from Chatham, were down for the Show. Major Maude and Captain Bell, A.D.C., were with His Excellency. Captain Bell has just returned from a trip to Egypt and other delectable lands, which he greatly enjoyed. His younger brother, who took his place at Rideau during his absence, went home last month. There were the usual dinners and suppers at the Toronto Club and at various private houses. The Horse Show seems a hungry function, for all the little feasts were thoroughly enjoyed. Major Forester gave a very smart supper to a party of friends. The Master gave a similar "festa" at Chudleigh on Saturday in honor of Mr. a and showing but little traces of her long and de Mr. and Mrs. Allan.

Among the prettiest women at the Show was Mrs. Ross Gooderham, formerly Lottie Taylor. A very smart and attractive girl in a fetching Victorian poke was Miss Begg, sister of Mrs. Harry Wyatt. She was Mrs. John Dixon's guest on Opening day, and seemed always to be someone's guest being seated in several smart loges during the progress of the Show. Captain Wyatt was her attentive escort. Mrs. Septimus Denison, looking very nice, and her young daughter Maude, were in the oflicers' box. A beautiful chapeau was worn by Miss Melvin-Jones on one evening. It was in a very broad-brimmed effect, made of folded turquoise tulle with blue tulle "brides." Miss Athol Boulton, all in white, was a dream of sweet girlhood. On one evening she was in bisque silk. Mrs. Henry C. Osborne returned from New York on Thursday and attended the Show on Friday and Saturday, leoking very charming. Mrs. Mulock, in a very stylish gown and hat, was once or twice at the Show. I have been greatly Among the prettiest women at the Show was Mrs. Rose



The Awakening of Spring.

surprised on consideration of the numbers of regular patron of the Show who from illness, absence from town, mourni or other sad causes were not seen at the Armories at all. shows how Toronto is growing, that their absence only left a blank in the satisfaction of their friends, but was not con-spicuous otherwise, their places being filled by many new and welcome patrons.

The May meeting of the O. J. C. and the numerous June weddings will give us all enough to think of in the next four or five weeks. Already half a dozen weddings are dated and there will be a game race for the King's Plate, judging by the forecasts of those knowing in horseflesh.

A Criticism of Margaret Anglin.

A Criticism of Margaret Anglin.

The dramatic critic of New York "Life," known as "Metcalfe," has various things to say concerning Margaret Anglin and the unsavory play, "Camille":

Counting amateurs and protessionals, several regiments of ladies have attempted to be Camille since the younger Dumas launched that unfortunate young female on her career of immortality. Not even the many large volumes of the Century Dictionary contain adjectives enough properly to characterize each of these aspirants for histrionic note, but Margaret Anglin will be remembered, perhaps, as the moistest Camille known to greater or less fame. Her tear-valves evidently work on ball bearings and let loose a briny flood at the slightest touch. Even in her most joyful moments she exhales an atmosphere of melancholy, and it is difficult to imagine that a lady with such a gloom-distributing temperament could have been popular in the gay circle wherein she is said to have lived her life. The Gallic nature is commonly supposed to be joyous in itself and rather to shun the lack of it in others. Tuberculosis does not inspire lightness of neart in France any more than elsewhere, but even before it gave its first warning cough in the present case, Marguerite Gauthier seemed to be anticipating her fate and rather revelling in it in an unhappy way. To the part Miss Anglin brings her sympathetic voice and agreeable enunciation. Her readings are intelligent, but her performance as a whole was gray in tone and unimpressive ir any of its features.

"Camille" will doubtless continue to be played as long as there are actresses on earth. And many unfortunate audiences and critics will have to witness many unhappy performances of the unhappy play.

of the unhappy play.

A Song of Seed-Time.

"Whoa! haw!" cheerily
Over the fields they cry,
Glad with yielding of the soil
And brightness of the sky;
Farmer and horse and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plow,
"Whoa! haw!" hear the cry,
"Steady, I tell ye now!"
Over the field in straggling line
Ever and on they go,
And watchful on his lofty pine
Sitteth the thoughtful crow.

"Whoa! haw!" merrily,
Downward the western sun,
And to and fro and back and forth,
Till their work is done,
Farmer and horse and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plow,
Then through the bars to the barnyard,
To chores and waiting mow;
Into the barn in straggling line,
Feeding out stalks and hay,
And from his watch on the lofty pine
Flieth the crow away. Flieth the crow away.

Frank H. Sweet in "Lippincott's Magazine."

In Search of a Complexion.

It is not to be denied that the modern magazine consists in It is not to be defined that the modern magazine consists in the abundance of the advertising matter which it possesses. The stories may be flat and unprofitable, the articles on trusts and the tendencies of modern poetry may be flavorless; but the pages where picturesque soaps and festooned corsets bloom for monthly splendor must fascinate our gaze or the publication is in vain and the breakfast foods have lost their cereal charm. The hosts who pore over the exquisite massage and shampoo pages must have come to the conclusion that woman is in pursuit of a complexion and that mean is in torrect. is in pursuit of a complexion and that man is in terror of bald head.

Nor is this a modern quest on the part of would be-lovely woman. The Roman matrons sought out all manner of pastes and lotions wherewith to rejuvenate their wrinkling skin. May not some of the queer inscriptions that learned men are digging out of ancient Nineveh, or whatever dear old town they think they have discovered, be merely directions for the making of an Assyrian Balm that will give the glow and delicacy of youth to the cheek of the middle-aged? Perhaps we shall some day find a strange old slab that will tell us what magic ointment Cleopatra used to make her world declare "age cannot wither her." Or will the ruins of ancient Troy reveal to us the ingredients of the massage cream that Helen applied to the confusion of Paris? He who would make a-fortune must minister to woman's vanity or to man's thirst. He must compound a new and expensive cosmetic or a wonderful cocktail. nd nead.

Nor is this a modern quest on the part of would be lovely oman. The Roman matrons sought out all manner of pastes

Magic.

A clever magician, one sultry noon.

Did a trick which few men canHe turned a corner into a saloon,
And a high-ball into a man.

A Scathing Retort.

An English lawyer who had been cross-examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court, was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross-examination. Before telling the witness to stand down has examined to the court of g the witness to stand down he accosted him with this part-

Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We ca all see that."

The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted:
"I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."—

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

SPRING IMPORTATIONS-Fancy Tweeds and Cloths for

HANDSOME MATERIALS for Afternoon, Calling and

MILLINERY-Imported and Original Creations in Millinery. READY-TO-WEAR HATS.

GLOVES-Novelties in Gloves for our Easter Trade. CORSETS-The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

II and I3 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Telephone-Main 888.

COMPLETE HOUSE

in the sense of decorative completeness can only be secured by entrusting the work to those who have the necessary experience and facilities. Our experience extends over many years and our facilities keep pace with the yearly development of new ideas. Nothing too small for us to undertake and nothing too

The Elliott & Son Co.,

79 KING STREET WEST



Sun Burst **Pleated Skirts**

Knife, Accordion, Sun Burst Pleated Frills.

Sole agents for Featherbone of all grades.

FEATHERBONE NOVELRY MFG. CO., Limited

46 Richmond St. West, TORONTO. ne-Main 1833 16 Birks' Building, MONTREAL.



Horse Show—Flowers

One Suggests the Other or as

Long stemmed American Beauties, Lily-ofthe-Valley, Carnations, Sweet Peas, and many other varieties for corsage or boutonnier. Send for descriptive price-list.



5 KING WEST, - - TORONTO



RICE LEWIS & SON., Limited Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

Ta an

manufa most stances

THE .

Gen at gra-by the on Sur

Eng

Dispen THE

REQU

GOOD

Fu the r conve

Th glove Ye fancy

wear hats a

FINE LINEN DAMASK

Table-Cloths and Table-Napkins

Perfect in Every Respect 20% Below Regular

A superb lot of the finest manufacture, obtained under most advantageous circumstances.

> A Very Rare Chance Select at Once

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office. TORONTO.

Established 1864.



Dash Style Perfect Fit

iority displayed in

Skirt Specialty Skirts

newest materials and models designed by us for modish folks Your own material made up if desired.

THE SKIRT SPECIALTY CO.

THOMAS' English Chop House

30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open

Dispensing Prescriptions... Is a SPECIALTY

AT "HOOPER'S."

Prescriptions called for and delivered in the city.

Orders by mail, telephone or telegraph promptly

THE HOOPER CO., Limited, 43 King West Prescription Specialists.



GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS REQUISITES—EVERYTHING GOOD-PRICES FAIR.



Full-dress shirts—collars and cuffs-"fine linen"the right things in these conventional needs.

The right neckwear and gloves.

Yes, and suspenders fancy half-hose-silk underwear - tuxedo and opera hats as well.





Mrs. Backus, M.D., has been visiting Miss McLean Howard at her home in Parkdale, and was an interested visi-tor at the Horse Show on opening day.

Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly is giving a dance on May 11 for her eldest daughter's debut. Miss Vivien was looking very sweet and fair at the Horse Show, and everyone regretted that Mrs. Kerr's severe illness prevented the coming-out dance occurring earlier in the year.

Mrs. J. W. Flavelle is expected home from the South to-day. Report says that her trip and treatment have perfectly restored her health, which will be pleasant news to her many Toronto

Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont leave to-day, I am told, for a summer at the West Coast, where they have relatives. During their absence they have rented their house in Madison avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mackenzie of Huron street.

The warm weather of this week came most opportunely for some persons who had arranged to make an early move to the Island. Already several families

Mr. and Mrs. McNutt will leave 64 Mr. and Mrs. McNutt will leave 64 Madison avenue on June 1, and Mrs. Walter S. Lee will return to her home, which Mr. McNutt leased during Mrs. Lee's absence in England. Major and Mrs. Charles Selwyn are now in Simla, and news from them this week tells of the recovery of their little one from her illness. The marriage of Mr. Charles Lee and Miss Playfair will be one of the early June weddings, and I believe the young couple will spend some time with Mrs. Walter S. Lee after the honeymoon.

The death of Mr. A. S. Irving has taken from a loving little family circle and many friends a man everyone respected and esteemed. Mr. Irving has in church and business circles been a man "sans peur et sans reproche," and his memory is fragrant with good and gentle deeds and upright and worthy methods. Mrs. Irving has everyone's heartiest sympathy in the loss of a husband who was ideal in his kindness and love, and upon whom she was always most dependent.

and love, and upon whom she was always most dependent.

Everyone who contributed to the tearoom at the Armories during the Horse Show and its many patrons and its charming corps of assistants will be pleased to know how successful the venture has been, and that the funds of the S.P.C.A. will be the better by about two hundred and fifty dollars. The ladies and gentlemen who so kindly provided many of the dainties illustrated the proverb that "many a mickle mak's a muckle," for their contributions were large in number rather than individually, and sufficed amply for the needs. Mrs. Stewart Houston has received from Miss Gwynne ten and from Mrs. Gosling and Mr. Pepper each five dollars toward the society's yearly expenses. A membership in the society costs one dollar a year, and it is hoped to establish a sufficient fund for the membership fees to run the society, leaving special donations for the purchase of lethal chambers and other indispensable fixtures for the merciful dealing with dumb animals. To give some idea of the distinguished interest taken in the tea-room venture I shall give the names of contributors, some of whose dainties I had the good luck to enjoy at five o'clock tea-hour. Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. J. I. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Hall Osler, Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Doble, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. Millichamp, Mrs. Rahmond, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Grace Boulton, Miss Dalton and Mr. Kelly Evans were the contributors, and various florists and business firms shared in the generous giving which heiped the tea-room to success. Mrs. Stewart Houston feels much indebted on behalf of the society to all these good friends, and trusts for a largely increased membership, for which the feemay be sent to her at Cluny a Everyone who contributed to the tea-

I hear that Lady Violet Elliot, the third daughter of his Excellency the Tovernor-General, is going to drive tandem at the Montreal Horse Show. tandem at the Montreal Horse Show.
Lady Violet is a clever and sporty little maid, and loves outdoor exercises and animals with a healthy devotion.
Her performance in the ring should be a great feature of the Montreal Show, and I hope if she does attempt it that her "gees" will be as good as gold.

The Graphic Arts Club will hold their initial exhibition at their quarters, 37 Melinda street, where the fortunate friends of the members have enjoyed the Bohemian hospitality of this new coterie of the art fraternity during the few months they have been established. The exhibition will open on Monday next and continue till next Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Mrs. Arthur J. Jackson (nee Murphy) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday afternoon, May 13, at No. 2 Elgin avenue.

A correspondent writes: "The dance given at St. Hilda's College on the 28th of April was most successful, quite as much so as the one given last year. Among the guests received by Miss Cartwright and Miss Keefer were Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Miss Christobel Robinson, Miss Strachan, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Miss Playter, Mrs. Rogers and Miss Murlel Rogers, Miss Greening of Hamilton, Miss Winifred Cartwright, Miss Stevenson of Bradford, Miss Olive Logan, Miss Walker of Caledonia, Dean Duckworth. Provost Macklem, Professor Young, Mr. Tate, Mr. Owen, Mr. Harry Rush of Peterboro, Mr. R. Munroe of Peterboro, Mr. Harlold Keefer, Mr. Clarence Miller, Mr. Laurie Suthes, Mr. Stanbury. The young hostesses of the evening were becomingly gowned, as follows: Miss Keefer, in a smart gown of point d'esprit over white taffeta with trimmings of white satin ribbon. Miss McClung in green voile, charmingly relieved with pink roses. Miss Fessenden in dainty white muslin, with trimmings of Valenciennes, the whole brightened with touches of red. Miss

Hannington in a white point d'esprit over white silk. Miss Shepherd in a princess gown of white eolian, with princess gown of white eolian, with angel sleeves. Miss Hewson in green voile, with trimmings of cream appitque. Alss Corry looked very charming in pale pink, a becoming match to her complexion. Miss Scott wore a pretty gown of white muslin. Miss Walker, one of pale blue crepe de chine, Miss Rush, a gown of palest pink muslin over white taffeta. Miss E. Shepherd, a handsome gown of point d'esprit over pale blue silk. Miss Downey wore a girlish gown of white silk. Miss Morley wore a black crepe de chine, most becoming to her tall, slender figure. Miss Davis wore a sweet little gown of white silk. Miss Weld wore white sold her become to desprit trimmed with white satin baby ribbon. Supper was served in the library, and extremely pretty the table decorations, and indeed the whole effect was. The reception rooms were decorated in the college colors, red and black, immense bunches of red carnations being used to carry out the color effect."

Mrs. Arthur Evans, nee Nash, of Kingston, has been on a visit of several weeks with her husband's people, Dr. and Mrs. Evans, who have recently left their old home in the south part of Spadina avenue and taken up house at 199 College street until a suitable home offers for purchase. Mrs. Evans leaves town immediately and will visit other friends elsewhere. She is looking very well indeed, and is a most entertaining raconteuse of her experiences in far India, as the "mem-sahib" of an officer in the Imperial forces. Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Everard Cotes are "Canadians abroad" of whom Canada has every reason to be proud, both being particularly brainy women.

being particularly brainy women.

Mr. and Mrs. Olcott and Mr. and Mrs. Berry of Melbourne, Australia, spent a short visit in town this week. Particularly interesting was their stay to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, for they had nothing but the most ardent praises for Mr. and Mrs. Tom Tait, who have each in the sphere they best adorn made their mark in Melbourne and elsewhere. One of the visiting Australians is, I understand, president of the Melbourne Board of Trade. The travelers proceeded on their tour during the early part of the week. On Monday Mrs. Mortimer Clark received the very agreeable ladies of the party for tea at Government House, where they were introduced by Mrs. Cockburn.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn will sail for England next month, and will spend the summer abroad, returning in

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Carrington Smith gave a very pleasant tealet in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Smith of Quebec, who is visiting her. The guests were invited from the older set, as the little reunion was for the grandmother of the last scion of the house

The Misses Merritt gave a charming small tea for Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson on one afternoon early this week. Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson have been spending a few days with Mr. Allan Cassels in Wellesley place. Mrs. Cassels is abroad—somewhere on the Mediterranean, I believe.

On Monday Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald were in danger Mrs. Hugh Macdonald were in danger of serious injury from a runaway horse which collided with the gubernatorial carriage, and, I hear, injured one of the horses. There have also been a number of narrow escapes lately from careless or unskilled auto drivers, and I heard of some very funny vagaries cut up by an auto in which Lady Elleen Elliot and one of the aides were being shown about by an amiable society man. The aide in question was Captain Bell, whose disastrous experience with his own auto car in Queen's Captain Bell, whose disastrous experience with his own auto car in Queen's avenue last June has probably made him a bit mistrustful of any friskiness on the part of Toronto cars. The elation and pride of the auto of last week's capers or that of its driver in his charming passenger probably upset them a bit, as the course for a short and busy season was calculated to clear the street.

People are ardently taking up golf again, and the links are busy, while ea is the word at the various club-nouses.

A very smart audience attended the concert given by the Schumann trio. Messrs. Tripp. Saunders and Blachford, on Tuesday evening in Conservatory Hall. Their performance is so finished and their selections so interesting and lovely that to miss this concert was a serious loss. A couple of visitors in town were quite delighted with Tuesday's concert, and find Toronto wonderfully well advanced in high-class musical culture.

Uncle Sam's Leisure Class

Where does all the money come from? In 1903 the race-tracks in this State paid more than \$200,000 to the State Controller for the benefit of the county fairs. Not many seasons ago the receipts were insignificant in comparison with the large amounts ac



characteristics of our stock is the diversity of styles shown in our Diamond department Of course you'd ex-

pect to find a very attractive showing of Sunbursts, Crescents, and Scrolls here, but it's in the out of the ordinary pieces that we excel Artistic creations in platinum and gold not seen elsewhere

All our diamonds are personally selected in Amsterdam,

RYRIE BROS., Diamond Merchants, Toronto.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt



store your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general /. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent. TORONTO

If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keete's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insures sound sleep.

one bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will re-

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY, Yonge and Carleton Streets.

une Weddings

We supply the

Invitations, Announcements. Cake-Boxes, etc.

When ordering samples state probable quantity required.

> Bain Book and Stationery Co., 96 Yonge St., Toronto



ANYONE

Who wears glasses will call at our parlors and acquaint himself with the many advantages of the "Shur-On" Eye Glasses, he will

The Culverhouse Optical Co. LIMITED

OPTOMETRISTS 72 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Phone M. 4556

Africa London **Amsterdam Toronto**

These words indicate the course the diamonds in our vaults take to reach us. Buying as we do from "dealers in the rough enables us to give exceptional value to our customers, and we invariably do so. We personally guarantee every stone.

Wanless & Co. Established 1840 168 Yonge St., Toronto

counted for last year. The "leisure class" in this country, which spends so much for sports of all kinds, has multiplied exceedingly in this generation.

You Have Choice

Of four fast daily trains to Detroit when traveling via Grand Trunk Rail-way—7.40 and 8 a.m., 4.50 and 11.20 p.m. Best or equipment. Tickets and all information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Room for Improvement.

A duck raiser in the West, so a newspaper report says, owns a brood that lays nothing but jet-black eggs, from which only ebon ducklings, with long taven hair, emerge. Now, if he had a lot of yellow ducks that laid only golden ducats from which double eagles were hatched, it would be more interesting and profitable to him.—"Browning's Magazine."

THISTLE BRAND Canned Fish

Kippered Herring

Finnan Haddies

Herring and Tomato

Are the best that are packed. Every package guaranteed.

NOTICE

A DROP IN THE PRICE OF **Imported Perfumes**

For a short time we are going to sell our Imported Perfumes at a reduced price. Now is your chance. Come and see our stock.

Huyler's Chocolates, etc., fresh every week.

W. H. Lee King Edward Drug Store

Old and young will feel the benefit in improved digestion, better health and vigor, by

Cowan's Perfection

Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

The COWAN COMPANY, Limited,



Wedding Cakes

are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. CATALOGUE FREE

The Harry Webb Co. 447 Yonge St., Toronto

GIFTS

Save from 10 to 15 per cent. JAMES D. BAILEY 75 YONGE, COR. KING

WRIST WATCHES Modern Watch skill has

supplied every want imaginable, where service and convenience is de-

The Wrist Watch of today is immensely popular because it is ever ready to render its owner immediate service- a glance and you know the hour and minute of the day. We have them in Gold and

we have them in Gold and Silver—"expansion" style—fit-ting any size wrist; in truth, a fashionable, reliable and dur-able article. They cost from \$20.00 to \$50.00 each in Gold and \$12.00 in Sterling Silver,

B. & H. B. KENT The Diamond Merchants, 144 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

Stationery

A carefully selected stock in all the leading shapes and sizes. Special attention given to embossing and card printing.

MISS E. FORTER 000-Main 2004. 47 KING ST. WEST



PLEASING **POMPADOURS**

Of the many styles of dressing the hair there is one which is universally popular and lends itself to almost any face. The highest perfection has been reached in **Dorenwend's Pompadours**.

Attention given to all enquiries at store, or if out of town write for our cular on Ladies' Hair Gocds.

The Dorenwend co. of Toronto, Limited, (3 and 105 Yonge St.

PEMBER'S Pompadours are perfection, that there is no gain-

Pompadour

Bang has come to recognized as the most universal becoming style of wearing the hair brought fourth by Dame Fashion in

many years. Ladies who are fortunate in possessing an exceptionally luxuriant head of hair may dress it in this style without additional aid, but to many a

POMPADOUR

Bang is necessary owing to thinness of the hair, and other things. The Pompadours upon exhibition at The Pember Store are made as light as swan's down, are absolutely non-detectable when worn, match the natural hair perfectly, and are made from the very highmade from the very high-

est selected natural wavy hair, which we import direct.

PERFECTION

Is the key note in every-thing pertaining to our hair goods, and we would be pleased to show to any lady who is interested, the many points of superiority embodied in all our crea-tions. Call at the store Private Parlora.

The Pember Store



Our Transformations

The Corset' Specialty Co.

JAHN & SON, 73} King West



112 Yonge St. Toronto.

18t Floor over Singer Office. Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight

with strong, pliable bon-ing. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

A. STACKHOUSE

MANICURING and CHIROPODY For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, buningrowing nails, and all foot troubles success treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1986. 166 King St. West (Opposite Princes Theater)

Sin Fat-You Missetah Hamlet, eh, what? Some time you come up here play him dlamma oncee more? Buskin—Ah, you will be glad to see me, John?
Sin Fat—My word! Sell em plenty wegetable then.

The Mother's Friend.

Viavi believes in maternity, in the proper mental and physical preparation; in the purity of Life; the sanctity of marriage; the nobility of motherhood; in all that is good, pure and noble; in the two great influences, the Mother and Babe.

You involve no obligation to ask us to explain to you or your friends more fully regarding the Viavi Treatment. You are welcome to either call at the Viavi Office or ask to have a Representative visit you at your home. In either case your interview may be held privately with a woman view may be held privately with a woman to whom you may talk in confidence with the knowledge that she understands the ailments of her sex and sympathizes with those who are afflicted. She will gladly explain what Viavi has done for thousands of suffering women. And when you know its curative power you will not submit to surgery or tolerate any rigorous treatment or appliances, and you won't believe it when people say it is natural for women to suffer, because you will know it is not true.

TORONTO VIAVI CO., Suite L, Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto Elevator, West Entrance. 'Phone-Main 3049

Cook's Turkish Baths a Spring Tonic.

Open up the millions of little ducts in the skin and sweat out the spring poisons of malaria, spring fever and rheumatism by a Turkish Bath at Cook's

Perspiration is Nature's way of ridding the system of these poisonous germs of spring troubles and Cook's is the very best and most natural method by which sedentary men and women can induce

Cosy all night sleeping rooms and a dainty supper served.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, or all night, including bed,

Cook's Turkish Baths



AN ELECTRIC BATH WILL CHECK RHEUMATISM A FULL COURSE WILL CURE : :

72 and 74 Bay St., Toronto

Diseases of Women and Children treated Scientifically with most excellent results.

Florence M. Welch,

Medical Electrician, rth-east Cor. Queen and Spadina

Sunburst Pleatings, Ruchings, Flounces, Frills, Accordion and Side Pleating, Fluting, Pinking, etc.

A. E. REA & CO., Limited 20-22 Wellington St. West, Toronto



No one who saw St. James's School

No one who saw St. James's Schoolhouse at the beginning of the week and also had the pleasure of being at Mrs. Machell's entertainment on Wednesday would have any doubt of the energy, capacity and cleverness of the corps of workers who had transformed the bare schoolroom into a summer arbor, encircled with small booths for the gathering of "quarters" under various pretenses. The four huge pillars which support the arched roof were almost covered with wreaths of beautiful flame-colored flowers, festoons of red and white softened the outlines about the cornice and the booths filled in the lower part in variegated beauty of color and design. There were groups of the young gentlewomen of St. James's congregation, in quaint, becoming costumes, in each booth, and each vied with her comrade in prompt attention to the crowds of buyers who packed the schoolhouse afternoon and evening. The evening concert was excellent. The Strolling Players' Orchestra played, Mrs. Alton Garrett sang two Jap songs in costume, Mr. Beardmore sang a German and a French song, Miss Carrie Crerar recited "Lochinvar" and "The Hindu's Paradise," and the "piece de resistance," Mrs. Grayson Smith's comedietta, was played without a hitch by the clever young people whom the author had selected for the cast. Miss Birdle Warren as the young wife and Mr. Victor Heron as her jealous husband, Mr. A. McLean Macdonell as the innocent cause of his jealousy, Mrs. Grayson Smith as the gossip and mischief-maker, and Miss Andras as her silly daughter, were all capital. Mr. Sweeny as the Irish footman Denis and Miss Wallace of Port Hope as the maid were quite professional in their acting, and Mr. Lou Conrad sang and acted the negro buttons with great success. The evil work of an anonymous letter was the pivot on which the play turned, and the expression of Captain Aubrey's opinion of its writer, as voiced by Mr. Macdonell, should be heard by some artists in the "no name series" in Toronto. The double of Mrs. Grayson Smith's "Mrs. Gadsby' certainly must live in t his inimitable character studies, hough not intended to charm Mrs Grayson Smith and Miss Andras were Grayson Smith and Miss Andras were the most amusing couple imaginable. As the hall was quite packed with "people one knows," I have not space for names. Dr. and Mrs. Machell worked very hard in furtherance of the success of the two days' entertainment, and achieved the greater result of getting all their friends to work also. The proceeds go to the St. John's Hospital for Women, for various muchneeded improvements.

meeded improvements.

Mrs. and Miss Florence Sheridan arrived from England on Friday of last week, hastening on from New York to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mr. Sheridan. They have been abroad for some two years, and have recently spent six months in France, en pension with a French family. Miss Sheridan has always had opportunity given her, as an only child, to develop her natural talents, and was one of the brightest of Varsity's graduates. Mr. Lumsden's house, 57 Elm avenue, Rosedale, and moved there from the King Edward this week.

The show at Shea's is a good one

The show at Shea's is a good one this week, and a good many smart people have been at the jolly little theater to see it.

Mrs. Jarvis is enjoying a short visit from her daughter. Mrs. Brydges of Islip, Long Island, who is looking very well indeed, and being welcomed by old Toronto friends with pleasure. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Jarvis received a host of ladies and gentlemen, bidden on very short notice to meet Mrs. Brydges. Mrs. Jarvis received in a rich black gown with embroidered guimpe, touched with gold and jet, and a pretty tulle cap with streamers. Mrs. Brydges wore figured foulard, and Mrs. Edmund Jarvis pale gray voile, with pretty lace. Tea was served from a buffet in the west drawing-room, beautifully done in flowers and some of the family silver. Miss Kathleen O'Hara, Miss McKeough of Chatham, daughter of Dr. George McKeough, and or the family silver. Miss Kathleen O'Hara, Miss McKeough of Chatham, daughter of Dr. George McKeough, and several others assisted. A few of the guests were Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Septimus and Miss Denison, the Misses Harris, Mrs. and Miss Denison of Sandhurst, Mrs. O'Brien of Dromoland, Mrs. and Miss K. O'Hara, the Misses and Mr. James K. O'Hara, the Misses and Mr. James K. O'Hara, the Misses and Mr. James K. O'Hara, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Wood, Mrs. James Mackenzie, Miss Wood, Mrs. James Mackenzie, Mr. and Miss Nicol, Mrs. George McKeough of Chatham, Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Miss Carolyn Jarvis, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mr. and orchestra furnished the music. The many beautiful dresses and their

Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Knox, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick. The two little sons of Mr. Edmund Jarvis handed sweets to the suests.

Miss Mary O'Hara, who spends most of her time abroad, is in Toronto for some time, and is en pension in Jarvis street.

Mrs. Heaton of Huron street is visit-

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles will not hold "open studio" any more this season, as they are spending the summer out of town, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid have gone away for the summer to the Cats-kill Mountains. Mr. A. Dickson Patter-son left for Winnipeg on business last

The Extravaganza made about fifteen undred dollars for the free sanitarium hundred dollars for the free sanitarium for consumptives. The attendance on Saturday, in spite of weather and counter-attractions, was excellent. Lady Eileen Elliot and the Misses Mortimer Clark attended the matinee. A dainty little substitute who took the place of a missing Easter lily was Miss Heward, who did her part gracefully and well.

Miss Mary O'Hara left for a fort-night's visit to St. Catharines on Thurs-day.

Toronto friends who have expected to hear some time of Mr. Carl Ahrens' success in art, will read with pleasure an article in last month's "Brush and an article in last month's "Brush and Pencil," an exquisitely illustrated magazine of the arts of to-day. This article, entitled "Carl Ahrens and His Work," tells of Mr. Ahrens' earlier work in Toronto, when we all admired "Cradled in the Net," and other "genre" pictures. The artist is now living at East Aurora, N.Y., and has had the advantage of intercourse with George Inness, and study with William Chase and Edwin Elwell. Five beautiful engravings of Mr. Ahrens' landscapes, "House in the Clearing," "The Coming Storm," "Gleam in the Woodlands," "Passing Shower," and "The Woodcutters," enrich the article, which is full of practice and appreciation.

Miss Abbie May Helmer's third piano recital is the most interesting of its kind for mid-May. Miss Helmer's superb playing has delighted two critical audiences and whetted the appetite of a third. The recital (a Liszt programme) takes place on the evening of May 17th, in St. George's Hall, and includes one number of superlative difficulty. Miss Grace Lillian Carter will sing. Miss Abbie May Helmer's third pian

Mr. John Miller sailed for Liverpool on the White Star steamer "Arabic" on Friday, April 29th, and intends spend-ing some time in Europe.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson, who since September last has occupied the position of organist and choirmaster at Dundas Center Church, London, finding it inconvenient to maintain his teaching connection in Toronto while residing in London, has tendered his resignation and accepted his old position at Wesley Church.

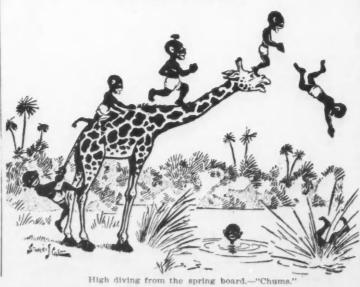
A correspondent writes: "Miss Kemp of Sorauren avenue, Parkdale, entertained a number of friends at progressive euchre on Thursday afternoon, April 28th, in honor of Miss Colby, who is leaving the city to reside in Montreal. Those present were: Mrs. (Dr.) Ashton Fletcher, Mrs. William Marseilles, Mrs. W. A. Ramsay, Mrs. A. G. Brown, Mrs. R. E. Chapman, Mrs. C. Brittain, Mrs. H. J. Terry, Misses May and Edith Phillips, Misses Mabel and Edith Pennett, Misses Madeline and Marle Charlton, Miss Lottle Haggart, Miss Ethel Addison, Miss Carlotta Miller, Miss Grace Fairfield, Miss Elsie Mingay, Miss Blanche Belcher, Miss Emily Frances Scott, Miss B. Thom, Miss Violet Snow, and Miss Ethel Simpson."

The Canadian Household Economic Association announces its last open meeting for this season, to be held next Tuesday, May 10th, in the theater of the Normal School, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. James Noble will give an address, his subject being "Nature Study in Broadcloth, Shoddy and Homespun." All interested in nature studies are cordially invited to attend.

A very pleasant winter house party at 52 Howland avenue will shortly be a matter of history, Mrs. S. Donald McGillivary and children leaving next week for Vancouver, Miss A. Keele going to Winnipeg, and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Ardagh and family to Montreal.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow of Warcote, Warwickshire, will pay a short visit to Canada this summer.

As Practised in Central Africa



Early Shoppers Endorse Early Closing. Store Closes

T. EATON COMITED

190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Novelties in Golf Waists

CHARMING ROBES OF LACE.

If there is any one costume in which the well-dressed woman appears at her best, it is the all-over lace robe -providing quality and style are fitly chosen. In an **EATON** robe there is no gainsaying the quality. And there is wide enough choice for the individual tastes of the most critical. For refinement in elegance nothing could well surpass the Black Lace robes at \$20.00 and \$30.00. Those in Black with Sequins are brilliantly effective, yet in the perfection of good taste, and range in price at \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00. From....

A newly imported line of Oriental Lace costumes—in white, cream and ecru-will find especial favor. The illustration fails to do justice to these. A suggested personal grace of form and motion is in every fold of their filmy drapings. They range in price from \$6.50, \$8.50, \$11.50, \$13.00, \$16.50, \$18.00 and \$20.

But the crowning glories are two exclusive patterns in White Silk Net—one at \$35.00 and another (with Sequins) at \$50.00



Spring and Summer Dress Stuffs

Never has a season offered greater variety in dress goods. And nowhere else, we think, can you choose to quite such advantage as in the EATON store.

Take for example the line of French Wool Voiles -sheer and delicate stuffs that drape effectively over colored underlinings, toning them to any desired shade. To be similarly used are the lovely silk - and - wool Crepes de Chene and **Eoliennes**—shimmering fabrics, suitable alike for reception gowns or shirt-waist suits. These are all obtainable in a wide variety of colors and shades, the best qualities ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.

For traveling and walking-suits of light and medium weight, the new Box-Cloths will be in particular favor. These are shown in shadings of

navy, brown, fawn, red and green, as well as in black, both plain and with white flecks. The prices are \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard.

Canvas Cloths, in pebble and basket weaves, both in colors and in black, are especially suited for medium-weight tailored gowns. These run in price at 85c. to \$1.00.

A new line of Tweeds, of mixed colorings, with knopp and flake effects, will be in demand for stylish walking - suits. These are shown in light, medium and dark shades.

Among the season's distinctive Wash Goods none will prove more effective than the new fancy Cotton Vestings, mercerised finish, both white and colored. Then there are Cotton Crepes in spotted effects, as well as **Cotton Etamines** and Voiles, in lace stripe effects and the Swiss Muslins, both spotted and figured.

Sailors that are Dressy and Distinctive.

Sunny days are here at last. For comfort and fitness, from now on, no hat will quite compare with the newest sailor, for either Ladies' or Misses' wear. And the latest sailor differs from its predecessors. It combines grace and style with comfort and simplicity, to a wonderful degree. It is dressy enough for the most stylish street wear, and yet serviceable enough for any outing.

There is a pleasing diversity in color, trimming, and all the little niceties that give individual effect. The brims of some are perfectly flat. Those of others have a slightly rolling and graceful French bend. The new crush leather band, with steel buckle gives a touch of distinction to some. Others have velvet or dainty surah silk trimmings, with and without quills.

Plain, fancy and mottled Jap and Mackinaw braids are included. The color range comprises white, champagne, navy and brown as well as mixed effect in cardinal and other shades.

Note the brim in the illustration. Generously broad to shade eyes and face,then narrowing in a graceful curve towards the back. This is only one of a variety of styles ranging in price at \$1.75, \$2.90, \$2.25 and \$3.00.

charming wearers made the evening a membered. The patrons were: Mr. and Mrs. R and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bereton, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. E. Percy Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles De Gruehy, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Sale. The steward and officers were: Mr. E. P. Atkinson, chairman; Mr. Gordon C. Scott, honorary secretary; Mr. Frank E. Winfield, treasurer; Messrs. Robert Parsons, Arthur M. Graham, E. A. Legge, J. Percy Morrish, Arthur Grant, Frank Cockburn, F. L. Brereton, Bryce Hunter, Gordon Sale, W. Dunn, James Bell, F. D. Macorquodale, H. Rundle.

Miss Burnham and Miss Annie S. Burnham of Peterboro' were in the

Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., has gone o Bermuda, to remain till the end of the month.

The marriage of Miss Kathryn Ursula Doran, third daughter of Mr. M. J. Doran and Mrs. Doran, Market Square, Guelph, and Mr. John D. McKee, Phm. B., also of Guelph, was quietly celebrated in that city at high noon Saturday, April 30th, by Rev. Father G. B. Kenny, only immediate relatives being present. The bride wore a tailormade gown of brown cloth, and was urattended. After the ceremony a recherche breakfast was served and Mr. and Mrs. McKee left for a western trip. The popularity of the young couple was attested by the many handsome gifts received.

few near relatives and intimate friends. The young couple will spend the summer in a cottage at Long Branch. Among the evidences of regard sent to Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour were a silver service from Mr. Kilgour's associates in the North American Life and a water set of cut glass from his chums of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Among recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mrs. A. J. Robertson, Mr. S. H. Janes, Mr. A. W. Boddy, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Charles Mils, Miss Beatrice Gates, Miss Dorothy Gates, Mrs. McGuarrie, Mrs. and Miss Holton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson, Mrs. Selkirk of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Edwards of Peru, Mr. Frank Stephen of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Sitwell, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews of Of Simcoe,

Servant Ladies in New Jersey.

A woman in Newark, N.J., was sued

servant for every three members of a family. Three nights a week the parlor must be reserved for the servant ladies, and no employer woman shall receive more than four callers in an afternoon unless she is willing to answer the bell herself. So the good work goes on. The servant ladies have a glant's strength and they are going to use it like a glant. use it like a giant.

Queer Climate.

Colonel Morlarty was defending the climate of India. "All nonsense," he says; "there's no better climate in the world. But there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India, and they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat, and they die, and then they write home to their friends and tell them that the climate has killed them. Of course, lots of people die in India. Tell me where they don't and I'll go and end my days there."—"Tit-Eits."

Abdul's Vacht

The new yacht which Abdul Hamid is having built for his personal use in the Elswick yards will be the most luxurious craft that has ever penetrated the recesses of the Golden Horn. This The marriage of Miss Kathryn Ursula Doran, third daughter of Mr. M. J. Doran and Mrs. Doran, Market Square equiport testified that the girl wore Guelph, and Mr. John D. McKee, Phm. B., also of Guelph, was quietly celebrated in that city at high noon Saturday, April 39th, by Rev. Father G. B. Kenny, only immediate relatives being present. The bride wore a tailor-made gown of brown cloth, and was unattended. After the ceremony a recherche breakfast was served and Mr. and Mrs. McKee left for a western trip. The popularity of the young couple was attested by the many handsome gifts received.

On Friday, April 29th, at 578 Jarvis Street, the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. David Errett Kilgour and Miss Olive Irene Estelle, second daughter of Mr. E. E. Sheppard, were married, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. J. Cody in the presence of a month of the presence of a miss of the presence of a mind of "servant ladles," and laid down the law. There must be one the sublime Porte.

A woman in Newark, N.J., was sued by her servant for a week's pay. The girl by her servant for a week's pay. The pown and the pilover testified that the girl wore gown of broad the pown with long trains while doing housework. She would "hold her train housework. She would "hold her train a lady in our kitchen." The lady in our serious expedition by the Sultan, who is a shockingly bad sailor, and a lady in our kitchen. The who "didn't want a lady in our kitchen." The who "didn't want a lady in our kitchen." The who "didn't want a lady in our kitchen." The lady in our ward of the brose, "who "didn't want a lady in our kitchen." The lady in our ward of the Sea of Marmora as he does well. So the court thought, and gave judgment in her favor. What business has the lady of the house in the kitchen? What business has the lady of the house in the kitchen? What business has the lady of the house in the kitchen? What business has the lady of the house in the kitchen? What business has the lady in our kitchen. This means of traveling built of hi

disprolived a
you c
here is
compa
countr
ners o
has no
it is to
dom-lo
having
Germa class. is said saw a seats tired-life of wor for he sights. Toront courte countr quette comple One a hea the other countries of the courte countries of the c

Is W

men), very sciless can inc as a l protec she m no chas a being grain seem tespeciato be the la her pe and a to be life is

man but if than towar brothe knowl judge must paniou spects he low who wome Wome men men s steps garde Does wife Does bility him, rest

suspi

man man is I igno ties in igno ties in igno ties in igno ties if are if

Is Woman Inhuman to Woman?

SEVERAL papers and magazines have been discussing "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," either seeking the cause or trying to disprove the fact. Unless you have lived among women of other countries you cannot judge this question, for here in America the evil is not to be compared to that found in European countries, or where they ape the manners of those countries. No one who has not tried it can tell what a relief it is to get back to broad-minded, freedom-loving American women, after having tussiled and wrangled with the German or English woman of the same class. Our women cannot be so bad as is said, for one evening last week I saw at least three women give their seats to other women, older or more tired-looking than they. Complainers of women should keep their eyes open, for here in Toronto we see many such sights. But, then, we must admit, in Toronto both men and women are more courteous than in other cities and countries. At least, in street car etiquette, aithough we do hear so much complaining.

One notices in women an unquenchable curiosity, but where here we find a healthy, sympathetic curiosity, on the other side of the Atlantic, a clever woman (and there are many clever women), probes and searches about in the very soul of other women, with a merciless disregard for feelings that makes an independent American shiver, and as a last resort she is forced to lie to protect her individuality, and though she may become tangled until she has

as a last resort she is forced to lie to protect her individuality, and though she may become tangled until she has no character left, when she is dropped as a thoroughly sifted and analyzed being she rejoices if there be one grain of self-respect remaining. They seem to enjoy making fools of anyone, especially a younger woman, who dares to be "different." Let a woman have the law behind her and she will wield her power to the most extreme limit, and any other of her sex who happens to be under her may well tremble, for life is likely to be a bed of thorns. I do not say it is always so, but very frequently indeed.

do not say it is always so, but very frequently indeed.

In America we have learned that this will not do, and a kindlier spirt is gradually spreading its influence through our land. But that this inhumanity towards each other is prevalent, though to a lesser extent, cannot be denied. Now the question I would ask is this: "How far is man to blame?" since he is the one who asks the question most often. Will a man regard a woman who is seen to be on a friendly footing with a woman of somewhat "shady" reputation, as being above reproach herself? Men of the same kind are tolerated sooner by men also. Why? Are people more afraid of a woman? It looks like it. Of course a man is broader with regard to man than a woman is with woman, but if she is more lenient towards man than from the same woman than towards his course a man is broader with regard to man than a woman is with woman, but if she is more lenient towards man than woman, so is man more exacting towards woman than towards his brother. Men boast of their superior knowledge of the world, and are apt to judge woman by appearances. She must be dressed becomingly, her companions may be dull, but must be respectable, and in the case of a woman he loves, especially if she be his wife, who is more keen on unimpeachable women as companions than the man? Women, it is held, dress to please the opposite sex. Do they not also rule their conduct towards the world on the same principle? The majority of women are small, but in regard to women so are men. Isn't the woman who steps out from the narrow circle regarded as a suspicious character? Does a man look for the qualities in his wife that he insists upon in a man? Does he insist on truth, sincerity, nobility of character, largeness toward all the world in the woman he marries? Or is it her daintiness, her love for him as "the only man in the world who ever would amount to anything?" He is content if she have sympathy for him, and the less she squanders on the rest of the world the better.

If men had a higher opinion of woman she would have a higher opinion of herself; and if she regards her sister woman with suspicion it is because she knows herself to be deserving of suspicion and mistrust. Man does not seem to realize that he has the better position in this world. When do you ever hear a man wish to be a woman? And when do you meet a woman who at some time has not desired to be a man?

ever hear a man wish to be a woman? And when do you meet a woman who at some time has not desired to be a man? Witness the struggle she has if she is forced into public life of any kind. The more she endeavors to become an individual instead of merely one of a "sex" the more evident does the inequality become. She has to work just as hard, and more often than not is more conscientious than a man. In fact, she does the same kind of work, but it is made ten times more difficult for her because she is a woman, and she is paid considerably less. This fact is not encouraging to women who want to get away from the narrow limits that have been set them, and until that occurs men and women also will complain of woman's inhumanity to woman. have been set them, and until that occurs men and women also will complain of woman's inhumanity to woman. It is part of her narrow life. It is narrow-mindedness caused by her ignorance of the world and the trivialities to which her view is bounded. So long as "man" is her only object in life so long will she continue to be jealous of, and often unjust to, her possible rival. If a woman is unfair as a rule to her sisters, so is she unfair to the men. Does she not believe them to be a great deal better than they are? What marriage would be happy if a woman took a man for exactly what he is? A man may know himself to be a fraud, but so long as his wife believes in him he feels there is hope for him. American men complain of their women that they have ceased to be good wives, and yet the American woman is the best to her sisterwoman of any nation. It is because her interests are wider and she has ceased to be so primitive. But if woman gains, man seems to feel that he is losing. Until man accepts woman on the same footing as he accepts man she will continue to be small and mean to her sister. Woman's goodness to man and pettiness to woman are of a piece. A view narrowed down to "man" as her sole destiny causes her to love and care for him in all his lesser needs, and to keep his attention by regard to the details of her "make-up." Anything likely to interfere with her efforts, pitful and small as they may seem, is naturally an object of suspleion. No mere man can ever know the side a true woman shows to his brother.

"Our Lady" Again.

"Our Lady" Again.

Apropos of Kipling's poem "Our Lady of the Snows," a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says:
"I believe that 'Notre Dame des Neiges' is the dedication of some chapels among the mountains in Switzerland, but I do not know whence Kipling got the title. He told me, however, that it had been floating in his mind for some time before the occasion for the verses arose. The facts of their composition constitute so remarkable an illustration of his genius as to be worth mention, and I think he will not mind their narration.

"The news of the Canadian diminution of the duty on imports from England arrived one Saturday morning. I was then staying at Torquay, and Kipling, who was living near, came over the following Monday morning. He spoke of the Canadian action, and said that, while cycling the day before, some lines had come into his mind about it, but he had not written them down. He recited them to me, and said that he thought of working them up for a week or two and then publishing them. I urged him to do so at cnce, while the subject was fresh in the mind of the public (we were sitting in a garden looking over the bay toward the west). He said, 'I will come to your rooms, then, and write them out. He did so, and then read them, discussed a line or two, made a few alterations, wrote them out again, put them in an envelope for the 'Times' and dismissed them from his mind. After lunch I sent them off by train; they appeared in the 'Times' next morning, and the same evening, having been telegraphed to Canada, were recited there at a meeting of, I think, the Imperial League."

His Limited Circle.

Solon was inventing his motto.
"What do you think of 'Know thyscif'?" he asked.
"Fine," they answered, "but can't
you get acquainted in any better circles?" Sadly he began to search for a new

A Man Who Does Things.

A Man Who Does Things.

ORONTO people have by no means forgotten Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the athletic English parson who left this city to become the rector of St. George's in New York. In the May number of the "Critic" there is an excellent drawing from life by Kate Rogers Newell of Dr. Rainsford, which forms the frontispiece of the magazine, and Jeannette L. Gilder has written a brief article setting forth the work and methods of this apostle of muscular Christianity. Dr. Rainsford says, in speaking of the little chance for privacy in the families of the tenements and consequently of the lack of religious life:

"We may as well face that. Their working hours are long and hard; they must be up before six in the morning, and, on the other hand, they are apt to stay up late at night. The greatest need in our city to-day is places of recreation; they are far more needed than libraries. Good, wholesome recreation is first cousin to religion; the rest and refreshing of the body go a long way towards giving the soul a show. I have studied the needs of the people and have tried to meet them. I wish rich men would give the people more opportunities for pleasure-innocent pleasure. I do not especially endorse Mr. Carnegle's gifts to libraries. Libraries are good things, but in New York—places of amusement that will not degrade. For instance, I have had a good man come to me and say: "Next week is the anniversary of our wedding, and I want to give a little dinner and dance to my wife and her friends. Do you know of any hall I can get?" And I cannot tell him where to go. My boys and girls wanted to dance. I wanted a place for them, and I had to bring them right into our parish building, but it is not the proper place. There is not room enough. The church ought to meet the social needs of the people of the tenement district of

ish building, but it is not the proper place. There is not room enough. The church ought to meet the social needs of the people, and the social needs of the people of the tenement district of New York are not the social needs of the people in the Maine village nor even the social needs of Baltimore or Philadelphia."

Lady Curzon as a Detective.

Lady Curzon as a Detective.

Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, is a clever detective, and this incident could be made into an absorbing story by either Conan Doyle or Rudyard Kipling.

A retired Indian judge tells it. He was dining at the vice-regal lodge one night, and the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial which he was conducting at the time. After dinner Lady Curzon drew the judge aside and said:

"I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent. Send a detective to me and I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon, when I was down there in disguise with one of our syces."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Curzon had said, and the innocent man was released. This incident, becoming known, has made her very popular with the people of Calcutta, who are not used to English "mem-sahibs" taking so much interest in their humble lives. in their humble lives

Repartee at Washington.

That was a superb bit of repartee which Foraker shot back at Senator Tillman in that memorable forensic quarrel in the Senate. And it is pub-lished now for the first time. In that debate Foraker accused Til-man of trying to destroy the republic, and afterward her prosperity during

DR. SHOOP'S RHEUMATIC CURE Costs Nothing if It Falls.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

appoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and through that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases with yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails the lines is mine and mine alone. It will be lines is mine and mine alone. It will be lines is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book.

you.
Write ms and I will send you the book.
Try my remedy for a month. If it falls
the loss is mine.
Address Dr. Shoop, Box 99, Racine, Wis.
Mild sales not chronic are often cured
by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

the war and since. "Yes, you stood for slavery," said Foraker. "You have disfranchised the negroes who fought for our flag. You tried to pull down the flag in Cuba and Manila. You called McKinley a bloodthirsty king whose divine policy had made Cuba a state with all the liberty of Massachusetts, and Manila a territory with all the liberty of Massachusetts—"
"Yes," interrupted Tillman, striking the air with his clinched fist, "I am an old reb-ell—and I've never been reconstructed! We old rebels fought for the Confederate States of America—and

old reb-eil—and I ve hevel to the structed! We old rebels fought for the Confederate States of America—and honah! honah! honah, sir! And you Yankees fought for thirteen dollars a month!"
"Yes," said Foraker sadly, while silence filled the Senate, "I guess we both fought for what we needed most!"

The Japs and the Tub.

The Japs and the Tub.

From time immemorial the bathtub has been an honorable institution in Japan. Instead of a cold dip in the morning, the Japs take their baths hot in the afternoon at about five o'clock, and, beginning at one hundred degrees, the tendency is to raise the temperature as one becomes acclimatized, so to speak. One traveler tells of the Kawarayu bathers, who stay in the tub for several weeks at a time with stones in their laps to keep their bodies from floating while they are asleep. The usual thing is to have the tub on the lawn with a charcoal fire beneath it, so that one can get into the water at 80 degrees and sit in it until it reaches 100 degrees. At this point a "griffin," which is to say, a newchun, a greenhorn, or a tenderfoot, usually has to get out, for it becomes literally too hot for him. But after a year or two of practice, he can manage 115 degrees or 120 degrees. The Japs themselves can enjoy a bath even at 128 degrees.

A traveler tells an amusing tale of

grees or 120 degrees. The Japs themselves can enjoy n bath even at 128 degrees.

A traveler tells an amusing tale of how he visited a Japanese friend on At Home day and accepted the offer of a bath on the lawn. He got in when the water was tepid, and enjoyed it immensely up to ninety something. Just as he was thinking of getting out his friend's wife and daughter put in an appearance and began to wash rice at a well near by. Now, the regulation bathing dress of a Japan is like a footless stocking without a leg, or a bunghole without a barrel round it, and our traveler hadn't it with him at the time. He endured another five degrees, and then, with death by boiling staring him in the face, he was forced out with an involuntary yell that attracted much attention. The fact is, that in Japan everybody bathes in puris naturalibus. It is their way, and it is not till a European has lived among them for years that he or she realizes that, after all, there is nothing very terrible about it.—"Modern Societty."

Carried off a Door.

When the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, "the Heart of Midlothian," was pulled down, Walter Scott secured the door and carried it off to Abbotsford. What, we should like to know, became of the old door of Cleveland House, that old mansion at the southern corner of St. James's Square and King street, which, with its appendages, stables, etc., ran halfway down the street? The house dated back some two hundred years, and the door was so ludicrously small for such an immense mansion as to and the door was so indicrously small for such an immense mansion as to suggest whether it was not made so for safety in case of a riot. That little door suggested what a crowd of interesting and eminent people must in two centuries have passed through it. Cleveland House, whose windows were broken by a Fenian explosion intended to wreck the Junior Carlton, did not long survive the old Duke of Cleveland, who looked to perfection the part of its owner.—"Modern Society."

Jack—You don't really imagine that girls actually propose sometimes, do you?

Tom—Well, all I know is that this is leap year, and some girls are getting married who never got married before.

"They are mere nobodies."
"Are you quite sure? They look nough like nobodies to be somebodies."

Of High Descent.

"Woodby declares his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."
"Ah, yes. I did hear a story about the old man falling off a roof he was repairing once for Lord Somebody or other."—Philadelphia "Press."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in a Mississippi court room, speaking to an old negro. "No, boss," was the reply; "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defensing."
"Then, who are you?"
"I'se the gentleman wat stole the chickens."

Jack's First Horseback Ride.

A jolly jack-tar ashore decided to take a horseback ride, something that he had never attempted in all his life before. He easily obtained the use of a gentle old Dobbin, but was unable to get a saddle. However, he led his steed up to a high fence and got down on him. Far back on the animal's hips steed up to a high fence and got dolly on him. Far back on the animal's high seemed to Jack th best place to sit. and there he sat and slowly rode along the village street. Some shipmates saw and cheered the procession, but one who affected to know more about navigating a horse than the others called out to his friend:

"Jack, ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" came the response.

"Jack, lad," the other continued, "get a little further amidships and she'll ride easier."

ride easier."
"Avast, ye lubber!" Jack returned.
"This is the first craft I ever commanded, and bust me keel if I don't stay on the quarter-deck."
And he sailed and he sailed.

The Good Man's Hit.

The good bishop, permitting his zeal to overcome him, pushed his written sermon aside and vehemently declared: "This whole divorce question is one that may be dismissed in a word. It is useless to go on arguing about it. People who have not been divorced and who do not intend to be divorced need not be told how iniquitous it is. To those who have been divorced and those who expect to be divorced or want to be divorced it is useless to preach. I waste my time preaching to them and the time they devote to listening to me is spent to no purpose.

But, accepting him at his word, the Tel. Main 175. 11% Richmond West

congregation radiantly hurried from the edifice, taking to the automobiles and the golf links, and giving him en-thusiastic praise the while for his good

Another Lesson from Napoleon.

"It has been discovered that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because his stomach was out of order."
"That being the case, I suppose we may conclude that God fights on the side which has proper respect for the liver pill."

N.Y. "World" on Canada

Some Canadians want an export duty some Canadans want an expectatory on electricity sent from their side of the Niagara River to ours. If they can make that work we ought to be able to retaliate by imposing an import duty on such a winter as Canada has been furnishing to us for the past six months.

Telephone Bores.

It is not the beautiful, the witty, and the distinguished among our friends who pester with perpetual calls on the teiephone, but either vague, dreary people with no resources in themselves or enterprising persons who imagine you can be of use to them on the social ladder. It is Mrs. Carl Hogenschneider who insists on repeating her twice-refused offer to drive you to Ranelagh, and young Jenkins who blithely informs you he will "look you up" on his motor.—"Lady's Pictorial."

The Hero Fund.

A correspondent of the Chicago "Re-cord-Herald" has these words to say concerning Mr. Carnegie's millions for

concerning and control to the world with amazement, and a large number of people have gone into ecstasies over this wretched piece of "benevolence" which he calls a hero fund. The American people lack woefully in analytical power or they would certainly not be humbugged by a scheme so nakedly selfish.

The first point is this: Can heroisn

be humbugged by a scheme so nakedly selfish.

The first point is this: Can heroism be put upon the market and handled like merchandise? Is heroism a barterable commodity? Can money "inspire men to heroic deeds"?

That a hero is rewarded at times for acts of self-defence is as it should be but to put up a fund for the purpose of manufacturing heroes is incongruous in the extreme. The true man, the man capable of heroic deeds, will shrink back and cover his face in sight of so crude and vulgar a picture as that presented by Mr. Carnegle—"a fund to inspire men to heroic deeds."

To the real hero this must be excruciatingly nauseating. It is an insult to all manhood and a contemptible attempt at mixing money with divinely instinctive character.

The supreme thought of the hero is not how much he may get out of his deed, but how much he may sacrifice. His joy comes not out of the reward he may chance to get, but out of the consciousness of actual service for his fellow-man. Carnegie is very much like the man who came to Peter and wanted to buy the Holy Ghost for money. Peter answered, "Perish thy money with thee." The hero whom Carnegie wishes to prop up on money will probably give the same answer.

No. Heroism will not hanker after a swim in Carnegie's blood money. Heroism is too exalted and too chaste to be dragged down into such vile pools. It is a pity that those finer sensibilities of heroic men and women must be submitted to this vulgar shock that Carnegie has succeeded in administering to the world. But we should not be surprised at anything that this man may do. He is in for novelties in giving.

ling. America should raise a protest against this proposed hero fund and rid herself of that influence which threatens to make money out of the very souls of men.

Finger-Tips vs. Bertillon.

The London police have abandoned the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, and have adopted the method of taking impressions of the finger-tips, which has been proved by Professor Galton to be absolutely infallible and conclusive. Within six months over 1,700 identifications have been made by the finger-tip system, a result so remarkable as to attract the attention of United States officials. India and China have, of course, long used this method, not for the identification of criminals, but for signing documents, knowing that while handwriting can always be imitated, forger its here impossible. But if the finger-tips are so characteristic, are not other parts of the body equally so, and may be seed the second of the s parts of the body equally so, and may there possibly be a connection between these markings and the disposition of the individual? The data now being collected by the police ought to supply valuable evidence upon this point. It is now a commonplace of orthodox science that every thought alters the molecular arrangement of the brain and presumably of the whole body. Is there no way to bring a more minute examination to bear upon these changes, with a view to their classification? Habits of thought unquestionably induce marked facial and other bodily changes. A man stamps his carriage: but may not these changes have finer ramifications than are yet suspected? Any investigations which tend to show the power of thought are reculiarly valuable.—Current Literature.

Sample Meannesses.

These stories of mean persons are collected by an English newspaper:
A millionaire and his wife who were shown through a building at Windson the other day handed the attendant a halfpenny. It was explained that it

Shirt Waists



the best facilities can create in perfect taste the elaborate and artistic combinations of laces, chiffons, crepe de chene, etc., that de chene, etc., that go to form the perfect **Evening Walst**. Our Waists are now widely known, and are unique in their careful finish and per-fect taste. We keep all the latest New

York designs, and adapt them to the individual figure. M. FRANKLIN

2,000 More ORIENTAL RUGS At Quick-Selling Prices.

We have just opened 15 Bales more of new arrivals in high-grade Persian, Turkish and Indian Carpets and Rugs, such a beautiful and large collection that we will be only too glad and proud to show to all lovers and connoisseurs of Real Eastern

Those wishing to secure a genuine Oriental Rug are sure to be suited here in sizes, colors and quality. We have over 250 pieces of Large Carpets from 12 x 9 up to 20 x 14 and our collection of small Antique Persians is the finest and rarest in Canada.

No one should miss this opportunity, as this is the right time

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS will always receive our very prompt attention. We guarantee to give satisfaction to all our customers no matter where they are.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO., (CANADA'S EXCLUSIVE RUG IMPORTERS)

40 KING EAST, - - TORONTO



The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented.

In the olden days the spit had to be kept turning to get all sides of a roast cooked. It is much the same with the ordinary cook-stove. The heat of the oven is greatest on the fire side—roasts, bread, pies, cakes, etc., have to be turned and twisted to get them cooked at all. The result is uneven, unsatisfactory cooking—good food ruined. The diffusive flue construction of the

Imperial Oxford Range

draws fresh air into the flue chamber, super-heats it and diffuses it evenly over the oven, thus heating it quickly, thoroughly and uniformly—back, front and sides are at the same equal temperature. The result is juicy, tender roasts, light, dainty pastry, evenly raised bread—successful cooking.

When you buy an Imperial Oxford Range you get the result of over sixty years' thought and experience in scientific construction of cooking apparatus.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited Toronto, Canada

Winnipeg

When you feel rather "downed," when the lassitude of springtime spoils the appetite and nothing seems to invite the palate, try a jar of

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese

It is good to the taste, refreshing to the system. Better still, it is easily digested and has great strengthening qualities.

"There is health in a jar of MacLaren's Imperial."

Every grocer has it. Your doctor will recommend it. You will enjoy it.

♦ ♦ CANADA'S LEADING BARBER SHOP ♦ ♦ ♦ 14 BARBERS-14 CU R N G

NO WAITING J. R. BEAMISH, -Phone Main 5232- 9 RICHMOND ST. WEST.

s the only copper the millionaire d, the other coins being all silver! iere are ways of becoming a minaire, and also of remaining one.

There are ways of becoming a millionaire, and also of remaining one.
The story is told of a grocer who, when retailing a quarter of a pound of jujubes, cut one in halves with a ham knife in order to make the balance true. A grocer had been handing a woman a few sweetmeats when she squared her weekly account. One night she asked what was the value of the sweeties. She was told. She mentioned that she did not care for sweetmeats, and preferred if he would give her the value of them in sugar.

There was a sensation in a Glasgow street the other evening when one man was seen pursuing another at a breakneck pace. The pursued, much the smaller man of the two, leaped on to a passing car. The pursuer leaped on almost at his heels, and, seizing the rynaway by the collar, the two rolled off the car together on to the street. Deeming it was a thief who had been caught, a crowd collected. "What was he doing?" asked a man as the two struggled to their feet, the larger tightly grabbing the smaller. "Ach, the mean hound," he gasped. "I stood

him a glass o' beer alang there, an' he was boltin' without standin' me yin. But I'll watch him." And he marched off his man.—Buffalo "Times."

Plain Speech.

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, was talking about plain and direct speech.
"To be plain and direct is always best," he said, "but to be too plain and direct is to be uncouth—to be ludicrous.

"A good example of that was afford-

he wanted to be sure they would understand him.

"The Bible tells us,' said this clergyman, 'that it is as difficult for a
camel to pass through a needle's eye
as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. That, though, is a
roundabout, confused way of stating
the case. I should state it like this:

"It is as difficult for a rich man to
enter the kingdom of heaven as for a
shad to go up a smooth bark apple tree
tail foremost.'"

May

Very au to ta

CAR

FAM

Cos

P WHOL

HE chattering typewriters had ceased their gossiping, and the telegraph instruments down the corridor were snap-ping out in sharp metallic down the corridor were snapping out in sharp metallic clicks the lag end of things coming in the late for the last edition. The electric fan in the corner sang like a droning bee. The hot, dead air from the street below entered at the open window, was caught in its brass blades, and skirled out into the corridor to fight with the heavy odor of printers' ink. The clock hands were crawling toward five, and three men were watching them crawl. If ever five were reached without a summons from the city editor, Jackson, the tall man with the brierwood pipe, would go to the beach; tor. Jackson, the tall man with the brierwood pipe, would go to the beach. Fay, the man with the corncob, would go home to his wife and three children; Barton, the cub, would go—well, he didn't know where he would go.

Fay, who covered funerals and such things, whined a complaint about people dying in July.

"It's the most sensible thing a man can do," opined Jackson.

"And then," continued Fay, unloosening his collar, "to think of their having the nerve to go and get burned! Bah! I can stand a funeral in a house where the blinds are down and it's cool, but services at a crematory, with the forced draft and—"

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Barton.
"I shell dreen of thet."

raft and—"Oh, cut it out!" cried Barton.
"I shall dream of that —"Barton!" It was the more boy with a call from the city

"Barton: Compensation office boy with a call from call of the call of the call of this work, he is to be congratulated."

"If isn't fear. I know what it is."

"Good thing," answered Fay. "If he can get scared out of this work, he is to be congratulated."

"It isn't fear. I know what it is. I've had it."

"Home and mother?"

"Bah!" growled Jackson in disgust.
"One could hold a more intelligent conversation with a rhinoceros on the uses of face powder."

Both men smoked on in silence. Then Fay said irritably—

"Your simile is far-fetched, and you aren't up against the proposition of how to support five on twenty per week. Damn such weather! The baby is sick."

week. Damn such weather: The baby is sick."
When Barton returned to the room, Jackson glanced curiously at him.
"What cher got, kid?"
There was a strained expression on Barton's face as of one very ill. His lips were white and compressed, and beaded with moisture. He threw himself in a chair without answering, and folding his arms on the desk before him, buried his face, not weeping.
Fay went out.
"What cher got, Billy?" asked Jackson again.

Barton slowly raised his head. He had delicate sympathetic features, of the kind capable of hardening on occa-

the kind capable of hardening on occasion.

"What have I got?" he repeated, flercely; "I've got another misery story. Weymouth has a tip that old Baxter, who lost all his money last year, is living out of town here in a garret with his daughter. It is one of his damn human interest stories. 'Go write up the contrast,' said he, 'the poverty, the dying old man, faithful daughter brought up in society now doing housework. Whoop it up for a Sunday special!' Why can't he let 'em alone?"

alone?"
"It's a good story," commented Jack-

"It's a good story," commence Jackson without removing his pipe.

For a second Billy stared straight ahead of him, and then suddenly leaning forward, he asked in a nervous, pleading voice;—
"I say, Jackson, isn't there anything decent in this world?"

"Total of things if you are blind."

For a second Billy stared straight ahead of him, and then suddenly leaning forward, he asked in a nervous, pleading voice:—

"I say, Jackson, isn't there anything decent in this world?"

"Lots of things if you are blind enough to see them."

"Then God help me!" burst out Barton, rising to his feet. "I wish I were blind! I can't look a man in the face now without wondering when he is going crooked; I can't look at the outside of a respectable house without wondering when a skeleton is going to stalk forth; I—I can't look a woman in the face without—Oh, I'm sick of it to stalk forth; I—I can't look a woman in the face without—Oh, I'm sick of it—sick of it, do you hear? I want to get back to the green fields, and the mountains, and the fresh air! I am sick of all this!"

He stood there with his nostrils quivering as though he had been running. Jackson arose, and going to his side, laid a hand upon his arm.

"See here, boy, I don't want the responsibility of inducing you to remain in this business. I believe as the Frenchman said, 'It's a good business if you get out of it soon enough.' Only there are some of us who don't get out; couldn't get out if we wanted to. And we don't want to. That's the trouble, we don't want to. The trouble was the fore it."

To tell yer, you

Japanese trimmed lace inser-new puff e and inser-

tion, new puff sleeve and inser-tion collar, open front, tucked back.

Now listen, Billy; I don't set myself up as a philosopher, but I have learned this—there is just one decent thing in all this world, but that one thing makes all things else decent. Find it before you quit. Find it for yourself." He looked at Barton a moment as though about to say more, but changed his mind and started from the room. He knew the lad would be ashamed of himself for his temporary weakness, and likely enough would hate him for his advice. But he turned back once. "Say, why don't you come down to the beach and have a swim before you start? You are looking kind of white."

"No," answered Billy, with sudden stubbornness, "I'm going. I'm going now."

So he took the 5.30 train for Wessex.

"No," answered Billy, with sudden stubbornness, "I'm going. I'm going now."

So he took the 5.30 train for Wessex. The stuffy, suffocating cars were drawn over hot rails by a panting engine, leaving in their wake a cloud of dry, yellow dust. Men spoke seldom, and then mechanically, in emotionless monosyllables. A querulous babe cried in spasms. The sun sank red behind the parched fields, and left an atmosphere as parched as the grass itself. The brown landscape flowed past the car windows, a dark stream, like a sluggish tropical river. The monotony of it all was only varied by the sight of factories and huts, and yards full of broken and unclean things.

He leaned far back in the seat and closed his eyes. His mind became occupied with trying to find breath in the gas-laden atmosphere, and in thinking an exasperating air which he soon felt that he must hum in time with the clicking of the car wheels over the rails. It was an unpleasant task, but if he neglected it the cars would go off the rail or something, and then there would have to go round and ask their names for his paper. Yes, he would have to shout into that pile of burning ties:—

"I say, you with the arm sticking out, I'm from the "Times;" what's your name?"

If the man died, gasping it, would that the as secon?

out, I'm from the "Itimes," what's your name?"

If the man died, gasping it, would that be a scoop?

He laughed mirthlessly as he straightened himself and gazed out the window again.

The lamps in the car had been lighted before the smutty-faced brakeman growled, "Wessex."

He found himself on the station platform. A small boy was watching the

He found himself on the station plat-form. A small boy was watching the disappearing train, and wriggling his toes in an uncomfortable fashion. A baggageman in blue overalls was mak-ing much ado over the single parcel left on the hot planks. Beyond the station Billy saw a few houses, lights in the windows; beyond that, darkness. He stood there stupidly, looking at the lights.

lights.
"Waitin' fer some one?" queried the baggageman.
"Yes," answered Billy mechanically.
"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yes."
"Shouldn't wonder if we had

fellow stole in the course of a year. He was of half a mind to ask him. It would make a good story—trusted railroad employee, country station—
"—and so I reckon I'd better g'orn home and tell my wife and be done with it."

with it."
What had the man been talking about?
"I tell yer, young feller, don't you never git married. That's when yer

Walst. Style 933—Best Lyons finish Japanese silk, trimmed fine valenciennes

Skirt, Style

II.

When Billy opened his eyes he knew that two persons were bending over him, though in the dark he could not distinguish their faces.

"He's fainted, dad," said one in a voice soft, low, half full of fright. It was as though a shadow should speak. With an effort Billy rose on his elbow.

ow. "I—I beg pardon," he said. A man's hand was laid upon his

"What's the trouble, lad?"

"What's the trouble, lad?"
It was the voice of an old man.
"Trouble? I—I don't know. I fell."
"I guess it's the heat. Can you walk
a little? Ruth, take his other arm."
Between the two, still unconscious of
where he was, he reached the cottage
with the flower garden before it. They
led him into the living-room, where a
single candle was burning, and bade
him sit while they hurried about for
water and ice. Then he knew where he
was—knew with a rush of ugly
thoughts that nearly drove him again
into unconsciousness. This was old
man Baxter's home.

was—knew with a rush of ugly thoughts that nearly drove him again into unconsciousness. This was old man Baxter's home.

He closed his eyes. He had no right there, no right to see. He wouldn't see! He would take their cooling draught and then go out, his eyes still closed so that he should not be even tempted to describe what was within. But he heard a voice near him—"Won't you drink this?"
And upon opening his eyes he saw beside him a young woman clothes in dainty white muslin, holding out to him a glass in which the ice tinkled. He drank, his eyes still upon her.

"You look very tired and—and hungry," she said. "Are you hungry?"
"No," he answered.
He should have been hungry, for he had not eaten since breakfast, but all he knew now was that the mere sight of this girl, so fresh, so pure, so cool, was as balm to his eyes, and through his eyes reached and cooled his feverish brain.

Then dad came in with an ice bag for his head, and made him lie back in the chair a few moments while this took the heat from out the space over his brow. He studied him in the feeble candlelight—an old man with hair snow-white and a clean-shaven face furrowed with deep lines just above the aquiline nose and about the thin mouth, his eyes half hidden beneath shaggy brows. And beside him was his daughter, one arm thrown over his shoulder. Her face was his face without the lines, and throughout of a finer mould, differing only in that her eyes were gray and his were blue. And both were happy. He thanked God for that—they both looked happy. He felt, as much as saw, that the room in which they sat was comfortably furnished; and in the dark, in one corner he discovered the outlines of a piano. He thanked God for that, too.

The ice made him very comfortable and half drowsy. He would have liked to remain there so, indefinitely, just watching these two. There seemed to be no reason why he shouldn't untilhes undefinitely and they had fied to escape! He felt as foul as he who spied upon Godiva!

"In must go,"
"The volume of the pile would he

across the room.
"I must go," he said huskily. "I

"I must go, he sate must go."
"No, no!" exclaimed the girl, "you
mustn't go yet. There is no carriage,
and you cannot walk."
"Ruth is right," added the old gentleman. "You will faint before you reach
the road. If you have important busi-

the road. If you have important business—"
"No, I haven't any business, only—"
Why, that was it; he hadn't any business. How simple it was! He returned to his chair with a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders. His thought up to now had been that he must obey orders, for that had been drilled into him as it is into a soldier. Well, and if he would not, what then? His brain started to reason about the matter, but he would not listen. He refused absolutely to listen, even at the beginning. He was sole master of himself and that was the end of it.
"You are very good to me," he sald; "I feel much better."
"You have walked far to-day?" asked the old gentleman, not to question, but

old gentleman, not to question, but out of sympathy

out of sympathy.

"No, not far," answered Billy. "Only it has been a rough road and a hot, dusty road."

He glanced first at the girl and then at the father, with a curious look of doubt, pleading, and frankness.

"Do you mind if—if I forget a little?"

tle?"
The father drew his daughter closer.
"No," he said, "forget. This is the house of Oblivion."
She kissed her father's hair and smiled her assent, too.

sister who

smiled her assent, too.

"I have a sister who looks like you," went on Billy. "My name is Barton. I come from Maine. She is down there now among the trees—the big trees."

The old gentleman bowed slightly. "My name is Baxter. This is my daughter."

Bill rose, but she motioned him to be seated again. He leaned far back in the big chair. Though still feeling weak, all the pain had vanished, all the fever. He felt as one tired and dusty does after a bath in a clear cold spring. Glancing about him once again, he noticed how each article in the room breathed that wonderful word, "Home." "Oh, but this is good!" he exclaimed.

'You don't know how good this is!"
The old man's eyes and the young nan's eyes met and they understood

each other.

"You have learned early," said the elder. "It took me fifty years to learn what is good."

The girl was watching them both curiously, not understanding.

"You men!" she said, with a little laugh: "I envy you your power of learning. You learn—everything, and we women, we go on learning only by accident."

man's eyes met and they understood each other.

"You have learned early," said the elder. "It took me fifty years to learn what is good."

The girl was watching them both curiously, not understanding.

"You men!" she said, with a little laugh; "I envy you your power of learning. You learn—everything, and we women, we go on learning only by accident."

"But half of what we learn," said her father, "Is learning all over again. We forget so much!"

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And we all get so mixed up and Maeterlincky when we try to be wise," she laughed.

And then they all laughed together, with the perfect sympathy of three notes going to make up a chord.

Billy settled himself more comfortably. But this was good! There was such a dead certainty about happiness like theirs, and it was big and wholesome and beautiful, like a spring morning.

They chatted away for an hour, the girl always laughing when the conversation threatened to become serious, and Dad and Billy always stopping to listen, and then to laugh themselves. And finally Dad asked her to play, and without excuse she melted into the shadow of the piano and struck a chord.

arm.
When he brought the instrument to the young man he passed his hand over it as a father often does over his child's head when introducing him to a stranger.
"I think you will like it," he said, simply.

sympathy of it.
They sat there in the light of the

They sat there in the light of the single candle, she at the plano in the shadows, Billy in his chair, with the instrument tucked beneath his chin, and his eyes closed, the old gentleman with his hand over his brow, as though in prayer. He spoke only to ask them to play some favorite air of his. Billy seemed to remember everything that evening, and she at the plano followed him almost intuitively with rich soft chords and little laughing hurries of her own, up and down the keys. And as they listened, each followed a different path with his thoughts—the old man, the young man, and the girl. But that which they dreamed that hour was sacred to them and the girl. But that which they dreamed that hour was sacred to them

dreamed that hour was sacred to them ever after.

The last air died away. There was a long silence, in which the essence of all those songs still lingered like the perfume of flowers just removed. The old gentleman could be heard breathing deeply, regularly. Then Billy was conscious of a whisper.

"He has not slept so for long—oh, very long!" she said.

"Do not wake him," he whispered in reply; "I will go. I am very strong now."

He tiptoed across the floor, she fol

He tiptoed across the floor, she following.

"I am sure," she said, "he would wish you to remain. May I call him?" It was odd, the way she asked if she might. He liked it.

"No." he answered; "such sleep should not be broken. You will thank him for me?"

He found his cap and she went with him to the end of the path. He hesitated because he did not like to say good-bye. Only her little form was yisible in the dark, with just a white suggestion of the face.

"It is very wonderful how you two have come into my life," he said. There was a touch of finality in his tone which she was quick to catch.

"But you speak as though you were not to return," she said.
He seemed to ponder a moment.

"I thought so at first because—Why, perhaps I am to return!"

"Yes, I think you are to return," she said. "And—and Dad asks you to tea to-morrow."

She had gone.

She had gone.

When Billy Barton stamped up the office stairs the next morning he was whistling a brisk march. There was a swing to his shoulders, a careless poise to his head, and a brusqueness of manner which had not been his for many months.

months.

The city editor glanced up as he entered the office.

"Well!" he growled.

"Nothin' doin'," said Billy cheer.

fully.
"What!"
"No stor "No story down there."
A moment the editor stared at him,

A moment the editor stared at him, Then he said very slowly—
"Young man, I feel way down deep in my heart that your talents are being wasted here. I wish you Godspeed."

"S'long." said Billy.
Down the corridor he saw Jackson, and made a dive for him.
"I've found it, Jackson! Oh, I've found it!" he shouted.
Then a broad grin slowly spread over his features, and he gave Jackson's hand a grip that made the latter wince.

vince. "And say," he announceda "I'm "So!" said Jackson. "What you go-

"Do?" queried Billy as though sur-prised at the question; "do? Why, I'm going to Wessex for tea!"-Fred-erick Orin Bartlett in "Atlantic Monthly."

Wisdom.

I never knew what sorrow meant When I had tears to shed. The tears that washed out bitterness And left content instead.

I know at last what sorrow is
Who have no tears to fall,
But only for life's tragedles
A laughter cynleal.
—Theodosia Garrison.

A Great Russian Artist.

Vassili Verestchagin was not, as many used to think, a revolutionist. He was an ardent reformer, but never mixed himself up in Anarchic plots. But it is as a painter that he will be chiefly mourned—as the first Russian artist whose fame spread beyond the frontier of the Empire and became cosmopolitan. It was the things painted in his pictures, rather than their technique, which achieved success. His artistic methods, however, were more academic than one is apt to suppose.

Soaked in Coffee

Until too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and bili-ousness much of the time, but about two years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking

"But do you not play, Mr. Barton?" she asked, turning a moment.
"I used to play a little—the violin—but—"
The old gentleman straightened himself.
"Won't you try? I myself used to play, but now—"
He held out his palsied, trembling arm.
When he brought the instrument to the young man he passed his hand over it as a father often does over his child's head when introducing him to a stranger.
"I think you will like it," he said, simply.
And as Billy tuned it he felt his nerves thrill at the softness of it—the sympathy of it.

"Brow set there in the light of the incidents, he has perished in one which is well-nigh unique in the annals of naval warfare, and which, had he been on board any other Russian battleship, his brush would not improbably have, in due course, perpetuated. But twas not to be, and all of us who lament his death can only hope that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."—"Truth."

Rather Mixed.

A Calcutta native paper says that 'Messrs. Winston Churchill, Seeley and Beckett have practically burnt their boots while acting the part of Balaam's ass and blessing the Liberal candidates!"—"Madras Mail."

MASSAGE

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Nauheim method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes 190 Brunswick Ave.

Be Beautiful!

Skilful Massage in conjunction with a reliable cream imparts a sparkle and brilliancy to the skin which can only be achieved by a scientific knowledge of the manipulation of the lines of the face. To manipulation of the lines of the face. To accomplish correct and satisfactory results, the operation must be based on a thorough dermatological understanding, possessed only by those who have given time and thought to its study. These results can be obtained by our Scientific Roman Massage, Scalp Massage a specialty.

Gratuitous Consultation:
Office: 12 CARLTON ST., TORONTO

A LEXANDRIA RESIDENCE MRS. L. L. STUART, Message taught-Weir-Mitchell syste Highest references.

English Fancy Vests FOR SPRING Guarantee White and Fancy Duck

\$1.50 and \$2.00 Silk and Cashmere, select designs \$2.25 to \$4.00

WREYFORD & CO., 85 KING STREET WEST.



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap

My Lady's Gown

When cleansed by our perfect process "My Lady's Gown" has the dainty freshness of a "just home from the tailor" costume.

The most fragile creations of the Dress-Maker's Art are not injured in the least by our method.

A Few of the Articles we Cleanse.
Jackets and Skirts, Woolen Waists,
Silk Waists,
Dressing Sacques,
Tea Gowns,
Corset Covers. Kimonos, Corset Covers, Night Dresses, Bath Robes, Laces. Kid Gloves a Specialty.

"MY VALET" Tel. M. 3074 30 Adelaide St. West

A Superior Skin Food

Thacker's Creme

Are you looking for a Are you looking for a reliable cream for the face? Thacker's Creme Veloutee has just been put on the market after two years' private sale. Sold by Burgess-Powell; W. H. Lee, King Edward Drug Store; G. A. Bing-ham.

Spring Term From April 5th. THOROUGH TRAINING IN ALL SUBJECTS



W. Brooks, Principal.

Parker Helps Housekeepers Cleaning the curtains and furniture coverings; dyeing the carpets, and helping in other ways is our business these house-cleaning times. 'Phone, and the wagon will call for parcel.

R. PARKER & CO. Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
sor and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471 and
1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
'Phones { North Sort, Main 2143 and 1004,
Park 98.

"CANADA'S GREATEST CARPET STORE." KAY'S

"KAY KIND."

UR BIG PURCHASE of Antique, Mirzapore and Cashmire Rugs, of which you have been hearing, is now to hand, and all are laid out on the First Floor.

It's really a wonderful exhibit, telling very plainly the story of this store's capabilities. The antique rugs have all been cleaned, making them look fifty per cent. better-but still the same unusual prices. The prices are indeed a surprise to shoppers-to those who know a good deal about rug values.

News of New Kind of Mattings

We tell of some Mattings that have for the first time been shown in Canada, though not new to France or Italy. They are a heavy twisted matting, manufactured by hand and into mat shapes. Very suitable for summer room; and verandahs. Colors are rich reds, green and blue, in many variegated designs. These are in sizes as follows: 6 ft. x 3, at 50c., 60c., 75c., \$1.50, \$1.85, \$2.00 and \$2.50; sizes 7.6 x 4.6, \$1.50; sizes 6 x 12, \$2.50, \$3.25, \$5.50, -Good line of matting by yard

Tami Mats, in wood fibre, With deep, rich, Oriental colors, cool, clean and inexpensive, size 2.6x5, 75c.; 3x6, \$1.15; 6x9, \$3.75; 7.6x10.6, \$6.00; 9x12, \$7.50. -Dark colored inlaid matting

in new greens and blues, 20c or \$7.25 for piece of 40 yards. -Matting in lighter effects, very fine and close, 16c. yard or \$5.75 for piece of 40 or piece, this is a fine cotton warp matting, good for hard wear, plain white 35c. a yard or \$11.50 for piece of 40 yards, fine inlaid matting 45c. a yard or \$16.00 piece of 40 yards. Bamboo blinds in sizes 6x6, 6x8, 10x8, 12x8, at very low

Out-of-town shoppers can always order from any of our lists, making sure of getting goods just as

prices.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

36-38 King St. West, Toronto.

Skirt, Style 163-New box-pleated skirt, iouble pleat front and back, rimmed taffeta 266—Novelty-pleated skirt, made with groups of pleats all around skirt, Inished with A visit to our Wardrobes is an education in style. We are showing the very 'atest designs in Women's Costumes, Coats, Waists and Skirts made up in the very latest fabrics. You are welcome to call and look our stock over at any time.

A. Cornwell, Mgr. Wardrobe, 109 West Ring St., Toronto



ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Cenuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



Very small and as casy



FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR SALLOW SKIM. FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Davies' CRYSTAL ALE

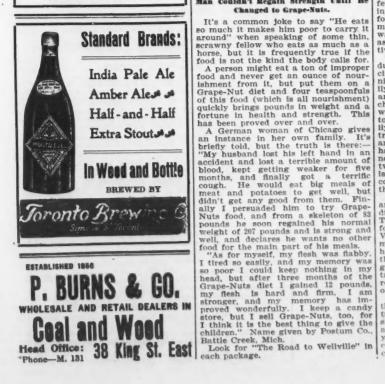
Beats 'Em All It's so palatable, mild and splendid flavor.

TRY ALSO DAVIES' FAMILY CREAM ALE



INVIGORATING PORTER DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. NIAGARA ST., TORONTO And of all License Holder Telephone Park 140



"Don't Worry" Clubs.

T is amazing how little value most theories have when you come to put them into actual practice. Just at present there is a protest, that has reached the proportions of a cult if not a religion, against the unrest and dissatisfaction of life, and we are continually admonished to accept things as they are, and not to worry.

worry.
"Don't Worry Clubs" have been formed "Don't Worry Clubs" have been formed by the thousands, and there is an organized effort to establish a sort of American Nirvana under the auspices of the new thought, or the higher thought, or some other kind of a thought that is going to raise us all above the trials and tribulations of life into a stratum of perfect peace and contentment where we sha'n't worry about our own affairs, or those of our neighbors. The chief apostles of this movement are people of unimpaired digestions and large incomes, who write beautiful essays about the folly of troubling about the present or agonizing over the future, but that is a mercincidence.

troubling about the present or agonizing over the future, but that is a mere coincidence.

As a theory, this is a peach. We are all willing to admit that there is nothing gained by worrying about the things we can help or we can't help, but the fact remains that the worriers are the pioneers of progress. Contentment is an admirable virtue, but an over-supply of it williand any man in the poor-house. The contented man sits down and lets his business take its own way. The dissatisfied man gets out and hustles and pushes fortune his way.

The ideal of perfect contentment in our lot, with no worrying over the needs or wants of to-morrow, is a beautiful one. We have all known families that possess the sublime ability to do this, and we have all supported their theory by helping to support them. When you find a man who never worries you will find a hardworked little wife with wrinkles that anxiety has plowed an inch deep in her forehead, and when you run across a perfectly serene woman, who never troubles about anything, you will find a baldheaded man with hump shoulders, and fringe on the bottom of his trousers, who is trying to run a business, and keep house, and look after the children, while the mother sits in a rocking chair and concentrates her mind on infinite calm.

As a matter of fact, the Don't Worry

rocking chair and concentrates her mind on infinite calm.

As a matter of fact, the Don't Worry Clubs are a bar to progress everywhere. It is the people who don't worry about their children's education who fill up the country with illiterate citizens. It is the people who don't worry about sickness who spread contagious diseases. It is the people who don't worry about the future, and who spend every cent as they go along, who become burdens on their family and friends when they lose their jobs or get sick.

Sick.

The Don't Worry Club will never build a fine city, or a great country. What's the use of worrying about doing things better than our fathers did it? they say. What's the use of building good streets, and libraries and parks? We are getting along well-enough. What's the use in trying to elect honest men to office? We are getting along all right. What's the use of doing anything? Things will go on somehow.

What's the use in worrying about our neighbors' troubles? There isn't any, for nine times out of ten we cannot help them; but the heart that feels no pain but its own, the eye that is never dimmed with a tear that is not for its own grief, knows only half of life. It is case-hardened, impenetrable, petrified selfishness that keeps anybody from worrying over other people's affairs.

The truth is that man was made The Don't Worry Club will never

fairs.

The truth is that man was made to worry, and he wouldn't be happy unless he could. The example of the placid calm, and the untroubled oyster, who shut themselves up in their own shells and never worry about anything outside, will never be the highest ideal of human usefulness and happiness. The Don't Worry theory won't work. People who never worry will have moss grow upon them.—Dorothy Dix in San Francisco "Bulletin."

The White Rose Child.

We called her Violet. But year by year, as each recurring summer count-ed her older, and the hedge-tops mea-sured her taller, we know that Rose should have been her name—White

Rose. Before her baby hands were Before her baby hands were big enough to grasp the blossoms, she had stretched them out toward the rose-bush by the hedge. We held the pink-tipped buds to her and she smiled delightedly. When we left her she babled and cooed to them in her baby language, her flower talk. For we knew she had been a flower, a little pink-tipped rosebud.

She never pulled away their petals nor touched them carelessly. Every motion was a carest to them. Because

nor touched them carelessly. Every motion was a caress to them. Because we knew how it would hurt her if she saw them wither, we brought her fresh ones constantly, and laid the withered ones out by the hedge near the rose-bush. We, too, would not touch them carelessly.

Carelessly.

When she grew older and herself saw them withering—it was strange that she should do the same—she laid

Not on Meat

Man Couldn't Regain Strength Until He

It's a common joke to say "He eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around" when speaking of some thin, scrawny fellow who eats as much as a



Mormon Elder-Berry—out with his six-years-olds, who take after their mothers.—"Life."

them by the hedge near the rose-bush.

"They are sleepy now. In the summer they will wake up."

Strangers used to wonder at her passion for the rose blossoms.

"What can a little child care for the flowers?"

We would glance at our baby then, furtively, and hope that she had not been listening. At first we dreaded the winters. But there had been no cause for us to fear. When the snow fell and covered the garden with a soft whiteness, our little girl pointed to the shapeless bush by the hedge and smiled softly, as if with some secret wisdom. In wonderment we watched her. In some vague, mysterious way we knew she did not belong to us. She never gave to us the love which she lavished on the flowers. There came a time when we could realize this without bitterness and sorrow. This little girl was not for us. She was a wonderful, mysterious child.

She belonged to the summer. And like the rose-bush, the hedge was the boundary of her world. One winter, when we had carried her out, bundled up in soft, snowy wrappings, to take her to where it is summer all the year round, she died in my arms as we neared the garden gate which led to a world she did not know. It was strange, strange. We never pluck the blossoms now. We are afraid.

But I am her mother, and since we placed our sleepy flower by the hedge near the rose-bush, it is winter always, always.—The "London.'

In Kentucky

The moonlight is the softest
In Kentucky;
Summer's days come oftest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's fires glow the longest,
Yet, a wrong is always wrongest,
In Kentucky.

The sunshine's ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maiden's eyes are the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest,
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky;
The home-fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While the players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest,
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest In Kentucky; Officials are the blandest In Kentucky; Boys are all the filest, Danger ever nighest, Taxes are the highest In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
The bluebloods are the truest (?)
In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest—
By no means of the dearest—
And yet it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove's notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
Cylinders turn quickest,
In Kentucky.

Song birds are the sweetest,
In Kentucky;
Thoroughbreds the fleetest
In Kentucky;
The mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics—the damnedest—
In Kentucky.

Judge Mulligan in "Business Woman's
Magazine.

The Gentleman and The Horse.

In any English novel if a man pos-

tom of a well, the walls of which are formed by tail buildings. He does not have a broad outlook. He never feels the fresh breeze on his cheeks or the exhilaration of a gallop across country. He does not take sufficient exercise, and in time we behold him fat and waddling, warped and distorted in body and in mind. When such a man, used only to the ways of cities, goes into the country he is a very Pickwick. He cannot ride, he cannot feel at home. In a sense, therefore, he is ridiculous, and a gentleman should never be ridiculous, and a gentleman should never be ridiculous.

The open-air life of the country, with its manly exercises, produces the sound body which should go with a sound mind. Physical qualities enter somewhat into the notion of a gentleman. The very insignificance of a man in a large city, where we are all like so many rabbits in a warren, detracts from that dignity and individuality which are associated with the idea of gentility. Mounted on a horse and riding over his estate a man is a figure; he is somebody. He is lord of a domain. He is first somewhere.

This prejudice or superstition connecting the gentleman with the horse is open to ridicule, but it exists and is perceptible. Why is it that so many lawyers and other city men invest their savings in rural estaies which never pay and which eat up all the earnings of the owners' practice or business? Why, if not out of deference to the belief that a gentleman should be a landlord and keep a stable?

Wants all the World to Know It

That Bodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Brought Back Complete Health After Four Years of Suffering from Dyspepsia.

Mark Complete Health After Four Years of Suffering from Byspepsia.

After four years' suffering from Indigestion and Dyspepsia Elzear Cote, ir., of St. Edwidge de Clifton, Que., is a strong, energetic man once more, and he wants all the world to know that he owes his new-found health to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and to no other cause. Mr. Cote says:—

"For four years I was terribly troubled with my stomach. I was treated by three doctors, and they all told me the same story, I had Dyspepsia, but none of them could give me relief.

"Then I dropped the doctors and started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the results were marvellous. After the first box I had no more pain, and I was soon in splendid health again.

"I do all my work. I am never tired. I am sure anyone who suffers from stomach disease can find a cure in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

To eat what you like, when you like, use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Don't Cross Your Knees.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood-vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery, and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.

Bringing the Dead to Life.

The Gentleman and The Horse.

In any English novel if a man possing as a gentleman cannot ride, the reader puts him down as an upstart to be regarded thenceforth as a clown or a villain. Riding in the old countries is a necessary accomplishment for every gentleman. In many of the European tongues the same word designates both the gentleman and the horseman. Cavaliers, caballeros, is knight and the Roman equites all were named from their habit of riding.

The origin of this association of the sentleman and the horse is, of coursil gentlemen were soldiers the gentleman and the horse is, of coursil gentlemen were soldiers the gentleman and rode to battle. Horsemanship in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American cattle country, though in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American cattle country, though in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American relate country, though in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American related country, though in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American related country, though in the feudal times was as in those times positive proof of plebelan upbringing.

The development of commerce produced great mercantile families in the feudal times as a city familiar stride a horse was in those times positive proof of plebelan upbringing.

The development of commerce produced great mercantile families in the feudal times as a city family of the produced great mercantile families in the feudal times as entitlefolk, but as a city family rose to wealth and aspired to rank among the gentry it invariably purchased a country seatale is still strong in England, and especially in Ireland. Most of the feudal times was an attributed from the past vague in the country is naturally of gentlefolk ought to own a country estate is still strong in England, and especially in Ireland. Most of the feudal times was an attributed from the past vague in the country is naturally association of the country is naturally association of the An English scientific journal recalls An English scientific journal recalls some remarkable cases of resuscitation in discussing the actual danger of premature burial. There is on record the case of a man who was capsized from a sailboat and sank with weights on top of him. With the exception of his left arm he was entirely submerged for almost fifteen minutes; but was revived, though with considerable difficulty, and eventually recovered. Examples of recovery after periods of submersion lasting for twenty minutes, one hour, and even two hours, are recorded. Another interesting case is that of a criminal who was hanged, being suspended for twenty minutes. His death was certified to, and the body removed for post-mortem examination; but while the surgeons were making their preparations for work he suddenly sat up, fully alive, although he afterward died of pulmonary congestion. Another instance relates to the surprising experience of a Russian general who was shot through the head and buried by his orderly, who had satisfied himself that the officer was dead. Two hours afterwards the general reported himself to the Emperor; and it is recorded that he lived for many years, and that he served, incidentally, as a pall-bearer to the orderly who had buried him. Again, there is the case of a man who took 120 grains of chloral with apparently fatal results. His respiration had ceased entirely, the sounds of the heart were imperceptible, and there was no pulse at the wrist. After having been in this condition for some hours he was successfully revived and made a permanent recovery.—"Harper's Weekly."

There is something of the phonograph in all of us, but in the sort of eminent person who makes public speeches about education and reading, and who gives away prizes and opens educational institutions, there seems to be little else but gramophone.

These people always say the same things and say them in the same note, and why should they do that if they are really individuals?

There is, I cannot but suspect, in the mysterious activities that underlie life, some sort of trade in records for these distinguished gramophones, and it is a trade conducted upon cheap and whole-

The Ideal Beverage should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations." EQUAL BEETHAM'S FOR KEEPING SOFT, SMOOTH SOOTHING & REFRESHING Bettles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in Engle

BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham,

REDNESS CHAPS, IRRITATION. TAN, etc.

SKIN TONIO EMOLLIENT,

ROUGHNESS



ALL STASONS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50-all leathers

H. & C. BLACHFORD Street

Spring = "War on Dirt"

demands the best ammunition you can get, and that is

Boeckh's Brushes and **Brooms**

Absolutely the best on the market. Your grocer sells them; do not be put off with inferior goods, look for those with name "BOECKH."

sale lines. There must be in these demiurgic profundities a rapid manufacture of innumerable thousands of that particular speech about "scrappy reading" and that contrast of "modern" with "serious" literature that babbles about in the provinces so incessantly. Gramophones thinly disguised as bishops, gramophones still more thinly disguised as eminent statesmen, gramophones K.C.B., and gramophones F.R.S. have brazened it at us time after time, and will continue to brazen it to our grandchildren when we are dead and all our poor protests forgotten. And almost equally popular in their shameless mouths is the speech that declares this present age to be an age of specialization. We all know the profound droop of the eminent person's wellds as he produces that discovery, the edifying deductions or the solemn warnings he unfolds from this proposition, and all the dignified, inconclusive rigmarole of that cylinder. And it is nonsense from beginning to end.

This is most distinctly not an age of specialization. There has hardly been any age in the whole course of history less so than the present. A few moments of reflection will suffice to demonstrate that. This is beyond any precedent an age of change, change in the appliances of life, change in the average length of life, in the eaverage length of life, in the general temper of life; and the two things are incompatible. It is only under fixed conditions that you can have men specializing.—H. G. Wells.

War and the Fatal Seven.

It is worth noting that in the seventh year of Meiji (1874) there broke out the Formosan war; in the seventeenth, the conflict in Korea: in the twenty-seventh, the China-Japan war: and the present year, the thirty-seventh of Meiji, is again disastrous to peace.—North China "Herald."

Mr. Churchill's Chance.

Mr. Churchill has before him a brillant opportunity. Our hope is that he may cherish his ideals of national righteousness, plead the cause of the oppressed, and be one of our leaders for many a long year to come.—"Daily News."

Bridge, the Reformer.

The separation of the use of bridge from its abuses should be aimed at by all lovers of the game, while its opponents, who can only see one side of the shield, might consider whether they have not at hand a game with sound intellectual amusement in it, which, if rightly used, would do more to promote temperance than any reduction in the number of public houses,



High-Class Furniture will be well rewarded if they pay a visit to our premises.

There they will find an assortment of the choicest specimens of Genuine Antiques when the theorem. tiques that have ever been collected together.

B. M. & T. Jenkins 422-424 YONGE ST. 422-424 YONGE ST.

OSTEOPATHY

ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O. 48 Canada Life Building.

SPECIALIST IN

Chronic and Nervous

DISEASES

Literature Sent en Application. ONSULTATION FREE.

China Decorators! **NEW CHINA** HAS ARRIVED

Haviland and other fine grades, consisting of Trays, Jardineres and Stands, Vases, Dinner and Tea Sets, Novelties, etc. Firing done.

Mrs. J. B. Young

DON'T do a thing "till you see clearly what set by aid of Finshlights on Human nature, on health, disease love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to, 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents. M. HILL PUB. CO., 129 East 28th Street, New York.

BONDS THE TRUSTED Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of tru We issue them for officers and employees of all cerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret cettes of all descriptions. Write for particular

The London Guarantee and Accident Co., Limited

D. W. ALEXANDER, General Manager for Canada Canada Life Building. - - Toronto or any increase in the number of ribbons, and lectures, and guilds.-

The Power of Hats.

No wife likes to see her husband in a ridiculous hat. Headgear is an even-fruitful source of domestic misunderstandings, but it is usually the husband who finds fault. Au contraire, a new hat may avert a quarret or an awkward explanation.—"World."

When washing greasy dishes cr pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder). will move the grease with the greatest case.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, pub OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West

TELEPHONE { Business Office,............ ons for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... Three Months ...

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. sing rates made known on application at the bu THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETOR

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 7, 1904.



revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" Lyric Theater in New York, with Miss And a Residue as Katherine, has been cheeringly successful to those who believe that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," and that Shakespeare is not played out. More than one critic wrote of how surprisingly out of joint the spirit of the comedy seemed with this day and this continent. It may be that its refreshingly strenuous treatment of the "woman question" gave a piquancy to the policy of Petruchio that a more modern situation could not have afforded. Men no doubt read "The Taming of the Shrew" with feelings of unalloyed amusement. Women are grudging in their appreciation, especially of Katherine's farewell sermon on the subject of the whole duty of woman. Assuredly, these words fall strangely on ears that have listened to addresses from club women:

auredly, these words fall strangely on ears that have listened to addresses from club women:
"I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway.
When they are bound to serve, love and obey."
Katherine, like Tennyson's "Princess Ida," is infinitely more interesting in her untamed condition than after she has become meek and manageable.

It is difficult to say what scrap of fiction may fairly be called dramatic. But there is a novelette in the May number of "Ainslee's Magazine," "Debonnaire," that ought to make a sprightly curtain-raiser. The scenes are in Quebec and New Amsterdam, for it was in the days when the Dutch held the greatest port of the New World and when Daniel de Remy, Sieur de Courcelle, was governor of Canada that Louis le Debonnaire gambled and sang and won the fair Renee. "The Seats of the Mighty" fell worfully flat and came to the ground with the traditional sickening thud. But it is impossible to read this gay little romance of Franco-Dutch adventure without wondering how "Debonnaire" would look on the stage. James K. Hackett would make a fetching Louis, while Miss Bertha Galland as Renee would be just the kind of maiden to defy a wicked uncle and an elderly Dutch lover for the sake of dashing, soldierly "Debonnaire."

At Shea's Theater this week the entertainment opens festively with the comedy juggling of John and Lillian Hoover, who throw about cigar-boxes and lamps, not to speak of such common affairs as wooden hoops and wash-tubs, in a truly finished style. Then Mr. Frank Buoman, a youth with assured manner and a flat voice, comes forth and warbles "Bill Perkins Was a Sailor," which is a mildly monotonous attempt at the amusing. "Sing Sing" is hardly a proper ditty for a good place like Toronto, which has just signified her intention to take malefactors with seriousness. But the war bulletins read by Mr. Buoman are original and decidedly stimulating even in these days, when Japan and Russia frown from every newspaper corner in letters a foot long. The next attraction, Edna Wallace Hopper, is not new to Toronto, and is evidently a favorite, although her voice has neither sweetness nor strength. Her jewels are a limited edition of King Solomon's mines, and her gestures are more brilliant than Solomon's mines, and her gestures are more brilliant than graceful. She plays with vivacity the part of "Maude" in the playlet, "The March of Time," while Mr. H. Hassard Short as the youthful lover "Bobbie" is an ingenuous and attractive chappie. By virtue of a table that had belonged to the days of the Ptolemies a "spirit" is summoned and there attractive chappie. By virtue of a table that had belonged to the days of the Ptolemies a "spirit" is summoned and there enters Nerea, an Egyptian maid who wears a marvelous gown of green, yellow and blue, and is a singularly robust specinen of auburn-haired, blue-eyed womanhood for a spook from the Land of the Sphinx. Her everyday name is Lillia Vane, which is all too fairy-like. Nerea is incongruous and heavy, with too much of the Junoesque in form and voice for a character who ought to be as slender and mysterious as Ben Hur's "Iras." It is a sprightly little comedy which ends in the conventional embrace of the lovers, who have decided to face poverty and trust to luck. Fourthly comes Miss Lotta Gladstone, who is supposed to represent humorously the typical country girl. Lotta's laugh is fetching, her "say, girls' is irresistible, her songs are "common." not to say vulgar, and we see too much of her. The encores are responded to on the slightest provocation. Then appears the best feature of the evening in the laughable one-act farce, "My Awful Dad," in which Mr. Frederick Bond plays the part of Adonis Evergreen, the liveliest old lad that ever refused to be anything but young, and jollied a charming widow into a second trial of matrimony. The elderly son, Richard, is well done by Mr. Arthur Buchanan, the widow in heliotrope is quite fascinating as played by Miss Georgie Benton, but Mr. Frederick Bond is more than a host in himself, being, as Sairey Gamp would hoarsely remark, "altogether bewidging." Miss Mildred Glover's performance is distinctly painful, since the lady's voice is the most rasping and lugubrious attempt at vocalization that has been heard in this festive springtime and should be heard to be depreciated. The pickaninnies are persons whom it is well neither to behold nor hear. But they are applauded by a few in the audience, for, as one suffering man was heard to mutter, "Toronto will stand for anything, I whom it is well neither to behold nor hear. But they are applauded by a few in the audience, for, as one suffering man was heard to mutter, "Toronto will stand for anything, I believe." Miss Frances Wilson, who is charming in appearance and attitudes, gives a popular exhibition of her skill with the punching-bag, which is enough to alarm any mere man by its feminine vigor, but which is highly appreciated by the men, nevertheless. Indeed, the spectacle of a pretty woman in white muslin gown making such attack with her snowy arms is the very poerty of purching. Wr. All Lawren who arms is the very poetry of punching. Mr. Al. Lawson, who looks very much like the gentleman in the first performance, does some extremely clever trick-work with a long-suffering bicycle, and the kinetograph with scenes of Cork's own city and "dear, dirty Dublin" closes an evening that has many enjoyable moments.

J. G.

When it comes to amateur performances, the minstrel entertainment given in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening. April 28th, by the members of the Canadian General Electric Club, was certainly one of the best ever seen in this city. Admission was by invitation only, and those who were lucky enough to be on the club's list spent a very enjoyable evening.



The Major (not so young as he feels)-Ah, Miss Muriel, in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts Miss Muriel (who wishes to avoid a proposal)-What a memory you have, Major!-"Punch."

The opening number of Part 1, "The Knights of the Mystic Star," was sung by the company, and this was followed by solos by Mr. A. R. Sowdon, Mr. H. H. McFadyen, Mr. E. I. Jenking, Mr. E. B. Ross, Mr. W. H. Horner, Master L. Sievert, Mr. F. R. Beatty and Mr. Gordon Logan. Mr. J. R. Marlow acted as interlocutor; Mr. E. B. Ross, Mr. H. H. McFadyen and Mr. G. Logan were the tambos, and Mr. H. Fletcher, Mr. H. Sowdon and Mr. J. Goldring were the bones. The chorus consisted and Mr. J. Goldring were the bones. The chorus consisted of Mr. Charles Barton, Mr. F. R. Beatty, Mr. R. A. Clem, Mr. H. Horner, Mr. E. Kerrigan, Mr. E. I. Jenking, Mr. A. Lake, Mr. A. B. Lambe, Mr. C. Macann, Mr. R. T. MacKeen, Mr. A. Maclean, Mr. E. D. McCormack, Mr. F. A. Morley, Mr. Mr. A. Maclean, Mr. E. D. McCormack, Mr. F. A. Morley, Mr. F. Mulhall, Mr. H. S. Salt, Master Leonard Sievert, Mr. S. E. H. Smith, Master Willie Smith and Mr. A. R. Sowdon, while the orchestra was made up of Mr. Howard Goode, Mr. L. O. Horner, Mr. E. A. DePotie, Mr. William Freeman, Mr. E. C. Cooper, Mr. W. R. Draper, Master Whitby Goode and Mr. Charles Musgrave. The committee consisted of Mr. E. D. McCormack, Mr. R. T. MacKeen, Mr. S. M. Gray, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, Mr. G. Logan and Mr. R. Graham. The results of the efforts of the musical director, Mr. M. de S. Wedd, were apparent throughout the entire evening. Upon his shoulders rested the responsibility of training the chorus, and that his work in this direction was appreciated was manifested by the fact in this direction was appreciated was manifested by the fact that at the close of the evening he was presented with a case of handsome pipes by the members of the club. Taken as a whole, the performance was a great success; many of the parts, in the opinion of the audience, were played to equal, if not eclipse, the endeavors of professionals. It is to be hoped that the club will undertake another entertainment in the

For next week Mr. Shea has secured as a headliner Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet. This young woman is a mystery to all who see her, as she performs the most marvelous feats of strength without appearing to exert herself in the least. Other features of the bill will be Foy and Clark in a new sketch entitled "Old Curiosity Shop," Rooney and Francis, William H. Windom, Romani Trio, Bean and Hamilton, and the kinetograph the kinetograph.

It appears, from all accounts, that the citizens of Chicago It appears, from all accounts, that the citizens of Chicago were considerably stirred up over the presence in their city of Miss Viola Allen and her production of "Twelfth Night." Chicago is "grand when it comes to culture," as one presently discovers when discussing the classics with a "prominent citzen." When Miss Allen was playing at the Grand Opera House of that city lately, a prominent one approached the box-office keeper and asked, "How does it come that Miss Allen's engagement commences December 21st, when all the hillboards in town say it is the "Twelfth Night?" Allen's engagement commences December 21st, when all the billboards in town say it is the 'Twelfth Night'?"

Box-office Man—"You are mistaken, sir; the date announced was the 21st."

Prominent Citizen—"Look here, young man, don't be too smart! I am not blind. The bills read distinctly 'Twelfth Night' and not the 21st."

Box-office Man—"You are quite right, sir,"

Prominent Citizen—"Well, to cut this discourse short, what's the name of the play she is going to appear in?"

One evening, after the duel scene in Olivia's garden be-

tween Aguecheek and Viola, another "prominent citizen" was heard to remark in the lobby, "Say, this fellow that wrote this piece has got George Ade and those other musical comedy writers whipped to a cream!'

S-P-O-R-T

RTHUR IRWIN'S fame as a handler of professional baseball players has spread all over the continent. He has the reputation of being the foxiest man in the business. He picks out promising young players with unerring judgment, trains and develops them until he has brought everything there is in them to the surface. For team play, too, his aggregations are renowmed and ginger cozes out of every pore of a member of an Irwin team. He has the knack of handling ball players and instilling his science into their every movement. But there is one trait of Arthur into their every movement. But there is one trait of Arthur Irwin's baseball generalship that has never been brought out. He studies the home crowd. He sizes up the fans of the home town and caters to them. The best team that ever

off the diamond.

Has Irwin sized the situation up?

Just look over the team.

Is there a rowdy in the collection? Just look them over—

Harley. Murray, White, Carr, all of them, in fact—fine fellows both on and off the field.

Hark back to last year's baseball hero—little Louie Bruce, the most unphtrusive chan in a collection of quiet follows.

the most unobtrusive chap in a collection of quiet fellows.

The Bruce style of ball players is what Toronto patrons of the sport want and what Arthur Irwin strives to bring

The Olcott Beach Cup, won by "Beaver," which Dr. Garratt and Dr. Scadding have presented to the R.C.Y.C. as a challenge cup, is a fine piece of silverware. It may never become as famous as "Canada's" Cup, which, too, is of American silver, but it will be a source of much lively competition in the club

Challenge cups are more prized as the years go by by the chairenge caps are interprized as the years go by by the skippers of the winning boats than trophies which are won permanently in a single race. Pardonable pride is taken in exhibiting a cup that bears on its base the names of half a dozen or more famous yachts that once held the silverware

The popularity amateur wrestling has attained in Toront



home town and caters to them. The best team that ever douned uniform would be a losing venture in Toronto if the individual players did not suit the patrons of the game here. The class of people that most liberally patronize Toronto ball games will not stand for the rowdy ball player. Here it is not anything to win. The "fans" both in the bleachers and stands want a winning team, but above all they demand decency. The roystering roustabout ball player of the Bad Bill Egan style does not take here. The crowd here wants honest, respectable players—men who are decent both on and off the diamond.

Has Irwin sized the situation up?

against all comers.



and Canada is evidenced by the influx of wrestling entries for the Canadian amateur championships to be held under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club. There will be from four to eight entries in all the classes under the 135-pound class, and even the welter and middleweight classes will have enough entries to make the competitions interesting. Those who do not follow the game very closely will be surprised to know that in the competitions not only the strangle-hold but hammer-locks and full Nelson holds are barred. As in boxing, if no falls result in the ten minutes allotted to each contest the event goes to the man who does the most aggressive work.

The 16-foot skiff class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association is still retaining its popularity among amateur builders by reason of the comparative ease with which tyros can turn out boats of fair appearance and speed under the restrictions. Five 16-footers of amateur build are building in Toronto now. The 16-foot deep-draft knockabout is the coming small boat for Toronto. Its moderate draft will make it almost as handy for bay sailing as the 16-footer.

Lou Scholes, the Toronto Club's Henley entry, has had his shell in the water for two weeks now and is beginning to take off surplus weight. He has not ventured to do any hard work owing to the rawness of the air. CORINTHIAN.

Society at the Capital.

F there is any truth in the old adage, "variety is the spice of life," certainly there has been lots of "spice" at the Capital during the week just gone by, in the way of entertainments, dinners, luncheons and teas having cocurred on each and every day, with an occasional musicale

or card-party thrown in.

Commencing with Monday, Mrs. Belcourt started the "ball rolling" by entertaining at another of the charming evening receptions which are already looked upon as some of the brightest spots in the season's long list of festivities. Mrs. receptions which are already looked upon as some of the brightest spots in the season's long list of festivities. Mrs. Belcourt was assisted on this occasion by Miss Belcourt of Montreal, and her own three charming sisters, the Misses Eitty, Aimee and Josephte Haycock, to say nothing of the distinguished Speaker, Mr. Belcourt, and Mr. Ormond Haycock, both of whom added greatly to the evening's entertainment of the numerous guests, who all evening thronged the Speaker's cosy rooms in the House of Commons. Mrs. Belcourt wore a pretty gown of a combination of cream moire and fluffy chiffon, and in her hair was worn a wreath of pink heather; Miss Belcourt was gowned in a handsome black costume with jet trimmings. An orchestra discoursed sweet music in the hall, and several of the guests were good enough to contribute musical selections from time to time, the Misses Julia and Zoe Greaves playing some pretty piano solos and Mr. Logan, M.P., and Mr. T. Caldwell giving one or two songs. During the evening several of the guests retired to the House, where they had the pleasure of listening to an interesting debate from the Speaker's Gallery.

Mrs. R. L. Borden was again the hostess at a dainty little luncheon on Tuesday, when her invitations were limited to a few of her married friends, and the decorations on the table were prettily done in green and white, the hostess carrying out the color scheme in her own gown, which was of white mousseline de soie over green silk. Covers were laid for twelve guests, including Mrs. Rufus Pope, Mrs. Ryley, Mrs. Ahearn, Mrs. McGiverin, Mrs. Duncan C. Scott, Mrs. Remon, Miss Ross of Halifax, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. W. G. Perley and Mrs. Robert Bell.

Two dinners, two teas and a card party completed the list

and Mrs. Robert Bell.

Two dinners, two teas and a card party completed the list of Tuesday's gaieties, Mrs. Sifton being the hostess at one of the former in honor of Mrs. Stevens of Knowlton. Mrs.

of Tuesday's gaieties, Mrs. Sifton being the hostess at one of the former in honor of Mrs. Stevens of Knowlton. Mrs. Arthur Trudeau's pretty home was also en fete on the same afternoon, when Mrs. Alex Taschereau of Quebec, who was the cause d'etre of many pleasant little functions during her short stay in Ottawa, was the honored guest. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Archie Stewart and Mrs. Louis Howard, who presided over the tea-cups, and Miss Ida Tetu, Miss Mary Gray and Miss Lamothe also helped in attending to the many guests who came and went during the afternoon.

Tuesday and Wednesday of each week are generally chosen by His Excellency for entertaining at sessional dinners, and last week was not an exception. On Tuesday those honored with invitations were Sir Louis, Lady and Miss Davies, Mrs. and Miss Fitzpatrick, Hon. William and Mrs. Macdougail, Hon. W. J. Macdonald, Hon. Senator and Miss Kerr, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Sedgewick, Mr. Pringle, M.P., and Mrs. Thompson, Dr. W. J. Daniel, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington Macpherson, Mrs. and Miss Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant, Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Mackay, besides the usual house party, while those who enjoyed His Excellency's hospitality on Wednesday were Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Power, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Girouard, Hon. Lyman, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Hon. F. G. Haultain, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. E. D. Smith, M.P., and Mrs. Smith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Hon. F. G. Haultain, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. E. D. Smith, M.P., and Mrs. Scont, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and Miss McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton.

Tuesday's second dinner was that at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies were the host and hostess, honoring several members of Parliament with invitations as well as several of their Ottawa friends. A card party given by Mrs. C. J. Brooke completed the list of Tuesday's pleasant gaieties.

A luncheon on Thursday again claimed Mrs. Alex Taschereau as guest of honor and a tea on the

Lady Taschereau invited all the wives of the Cabinet Ministers to meet Mrs. Taschereau, and the following were also honored: Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Mrs. Power, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Belcourt, Mrs. Jules Tessier, Mrs. J. L. Biggar, Mrs. Lelievre, Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Panet, Mrs. Trank Beard, and Mrs. G. P. Murphy. Wednesday's tea was given by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and although small was none the less enjoyable. Mrs. Taschereau left for her home in Quebec on Friday. One of the most largely attended receptions of the season was one on Thursday, when Lady Davies was "at home" to about five hundred guests. Among the out-of-town visitors were noticed Mrs. Thompson of Cayuga, Miss Boultbee of Toronto, Mrs. Gibson of Maryaville, Mrs. Arthur Gibbs of Port Arthur, Mrs. Riley of Victoria, B.C., and many members of Parliament, who find it a very pleasant recreation from their arduous labors once in a while to spend a short time with the fair sex. time with the fair sex.

Lady Laurier's reception on Thursday evening between the hours of nine and twelve was one of the notable events of the week, and partook of the nature of a musicale. Lady Laurier week, and partook of the nature of a musicale. Lady Laurier is a most charming hostess and possesses the happy knack of making every individual guest enjoy him or herself by providing various methods of amusement, and there were cardrooms for those who cared for a game of bridge, "sitting-out" nooms for the younger portion of the guests, while music went on in the drawing-room. Mr. R. Laurier, nephew of Sir Wilfrid's, who possesses an excellently cultivated and very fine voice, sang several selections, while two youthful violinists, Master Allan Ross and little Miss Gauthier, the latter Lady Laurier's niece, gave two or three violin solos.

Ottawa, May 2nd, 1904.

THE CHAPERONE.

A Deacon's Damages.

The Iowa Supreme Court has handed down an opinion in favor of a certain Andrew McClurg, deacon of a Methodist Church in Valley Junction, Iowa, against the mayor and chief of police of that town whom he sued for damages, alleging they burst into his house at night and arrested him on the they burst into his house at night and arrested him on the theory that he was a chicken thief, because some thorough-bred bloodhounds had followed a trail from a henroost to the deacon's residence. In the lower court the good deacon's claim for damages was thrown out on a legal technicality, and also on the ground that the mayor was justified in thinking the dumb brutes' instinct might be relied on. The Supreme Court takes a contrary view, however, and orders a new trial. Ten thousand dollars is asked by McClurg.

Blamed Boy.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"Want me pay raised."
"The dollars a week."
"Well, how much do you think you are worth?" 'Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"
"Yeseir, an' I've been t'inkin' so fer t'ree weeks, but I've
een so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about

The boy got the "raise."-"Frank Leslie's."

M

quently youthf from h an Oxf broken the for homest The looking morals life's s while y of the He on the to the and re time c the Dominition for appearance of the period conclus

her as all-imp in the clever chucke woman "Ye place I And sh ful. E Canada duce h bair fr in the shall l came a of a s straint positio been v didn't was in real e marke

toward up the aftern

all rig He he car distur

ticklin at a re broker the lif Canad weak The detail, while ment altoge peciail heart lishma tion of tion, a woman dishon begin that same

Tride "0 "Derythi pretti-Burni most them and it Sh woma She p

figure of he

mutte man's woma and le she h The i

The drunk

excep Th "I lord woma wifesoon and l drive a we when hear with

high with to I gero miti rude late is m

with

Of Two Evils.

E had poured into the country with the Barr settlers.

This spring he is between the handles of a breaking plow on the North Saskatchewan, trying to forget twelve months of his life. That first year of a young Englishman in the Canadian West fre-quently requires a lot of forgetting. The progression of a youthful gentleman whose knowledge of farming is derived from his father's gamekeeper and a treatise on agriculture by an Oxford professor, from an English country house to being of material advantage to Canada in the cultivation of an unbroken prairie quarter-section, is sometimes a large order in the forgetting line, but by the time he gets his patent for his

the forgetting line, but by the time he gets his patent for his homestead the girl in the case will help him.

There is another girl mixed up in the story, for a good-looking man with a well regulated voice and badly regulated normals is likely to have half a dozen girls mixed up in his life's story if the right girl doesn't get a tight grip on him while young or the wrong girl doesn't weaken. This is part of the story.

He had left the young girl in England, recalling the days on the little Devenshire giver and the walks from the rectory.

He had left the young girl in England, recalling the days on the little Devonshire river and the walks from the rectory to the Hall and the Hall to the rectory, when they builded and rebuilded their little love castle in Spain, which at that time consisted of nothing more substantial than a letter to the Department of the Interior of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, asking for a pamphlet called "Information for Settlers." He had been particular in putting at the conclusion of the address "North America." He explained to have the weekled to the riller contents the departed to the rector of the departs the her as they walked to the village post-office to despatch the all-important missive that the Dominion of Canada was not in the United States of America, but, strange as it might seem, was in North America, and she said she knew he was

seem, was in North America, and she said she knew he was clever to be able to find out things like that. And he chucked out his chest in the complacent English way at woman's adoration.

"You see, a fellow has to know a few things about the place he is going to put his life in," he modestly explained. And she told her mamma that evening that "Jack was so careful. He was even in correspondence with the Government of Canada about the estate he was to be presented with to induce him to go." And the mother had pushed back the golden

Canada about the estate he was to be presented with to induce him to go." And the mother had pushed back the golden bair from the sweet young face and said that she hoped that in the new land "Jack would not be wild."

"Wild, mamma! Why, he is going to be a farmer, and I shall have to superintend the dairy and feed the chickens. And O, mamma, it will be so jolly." And the young man became a Canadian colonist and was wild. The latent deviltry of a succession of half a dozen English squires kept in reof a succession of half a dozen English squires kept in re-straint for over a century by the safeguards of established position and convention broke out in the lad before he had been west of Lake Superior a month, and found that people didn't care a hang who his father was or whether an estate was in a certain family three centuries or three weeks. The real estate that changed owners the oftenest in a rising market was the kind they were interested in. He gravitated towards the Saskatchewan in the wake of his party to hunt up the estate that he and the English girl had outfitted one afternoon cantering through a Devonshire lane. It was there all right.

He did a little work on it with spasmodic enthusiasm, bu He did a little work on it with spasmodic enthusiasm, but he carried out the Tory traditions of his family and did not disturb the existing order of things on the quarter-section to any alarming extent. He lived in the little hotel in the frontier town ten or fifteen miles away, and would go out occasionally and convince himself that it was still there by tickling it with the aid of a neighboring Canadian settler who at a remunerative rate was calmly indifferent as to which was broken first, the Englishman or the homestead. And he lived the life that is not put in immigration literature about the Canadian West, and which, after all, is the old, old story of weak indulgence and sin as old as the world itself.

Then the other girl came into his story—willingly. As a

weak indulgence and sin as old as the world itself.

Then the other girl came into his story—willingly. As a detail, it may be said that she was married and the brute she had promised to love, honor and obey would occasionally while away the long Western evenings in the isolated settlement by nearly kicking the life out of her shapely person. She was an Englishwoman and her story, which is another one altogether, would explain much which is not essential. A weak, kindly young man and an abused wife whose eyes have not lost their brightness make a dangerous combination, especially when the man's brain is inflamed by alcohol and his heart deadened by distance and disappointment. It was the last hundred pounds that would be remitted, the young Englishmar's father had written, in concluding a severe castigalishman's father had written, in concluding a severe castiga-tion of his son's continued extravagance and reported dissipa-tion, and the young man had cashed the draft and gone to the woman and read her the letter, and said words that only a woman and read her the letter, and said words that dishonest or despair-driven wife would listen to. They would begin life nnew—together. Dakota was not so far away but that it could be reached before a brandy-befogged husband could overtake them-a divorce in another country, etc .- the

that it could be reached before a brandy-befogged husband could overtake them—a divorce in another country, etc.—the same old lying story.

There is a special providence for children, fools and drunkards, so it is said, and it was well for the happiness of three people at least that the liquor retailed at the bar of the Fride of the Saskatchewan Hotel that night was potent. The young Englishman reeled into the sitting-room upstairs reserved for boarders and the occasional lady tourist. His intended companion of the midnight flight was there.

"Oh, Jack," she said, reproachfully, "how could you?"

"Don't say a word, like a good girl," he hiceoughed. "Everything is all right. The horses will be at the south trail on the other side of the river at twelve sure. I got you the pretiest side-saddle in the West. We'll leave in about an hour. Then good-by to everything. I say, do one thing for me. I want to burn these letters. I've burned all the rest. Burning my bridges behind me, eh?" And his laugh was almost maniacal. "Say, be as nice as you look—hic—but you look pale. Throw these into the grate, there, and touch a match to them—or take them down to the kitchen fire; take them anywhere. I got them by to-night's mail and they set me mad. I'll be all right in a little while." Placing three or four letters on the table he threw himself into an arm-chair and in a minute was in a stupor.

four letters on the table he threw himself into an arm-chair and in a minute was in a stupor.

She took up the letters. There was one addressed in a woman's hand with an enclosure, evidently a photograph. She paused at the fire-place and—then looked at the sleeping figure in the chair. She did not love him, but what was left of her broken life she was about to give him. He slept on, muttering in his sleep. There was one name continually running through the disconnected murmurings and the woman's name was not hers. It was more than the imperfect woman nature could bear. She read the letter, then stood and looked long at the photograph, whispering the last words she had read: "Write to me, Jack. My heart is breaking." The fight within her was short. She burned all the letters except one. She slipped it into his pocket.

The little frontier town was in a ferment next morning. "Don't blame the little woman for eloping," said the land-

The little frontier town was in a ferment next hormal.

"Don't blame the little woman for eloping," said the landlord of the hotel, a citizen whose opinion had weight. "No
woman has a right to stand what she stood from that measly
wife-beatin' beast of a husband of her'n. And what's more,
the square thing will be done her. They'll get married as
soon as they kin. I know him. He's white right through,
and he's loved her square and honest for a year, and I'd like
to see the man say different."

"I didn't think abe was much gone on him." said the mail-

"I didn't think she was much gone on him," said the mail driver, another gentleman of prominence in the little commun

"Didn't think! Heavens, man, what do you know about movements mind?" answered the landlord. "It breaks out a woman's mind?" answered the landlord. "It breaks out when it's least expected. I tell you straight that when I heard that she had at last made up her mind to run away with the clerk of this 'ere hotel o' mine instead of that drunken dude of an Englishman I was summat surprised my self. I was, just a leetle. But that sort o' game is played with the cards close to the chest."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Rulers of Kings.

LL the world loves a humorist, and for that reason the world should hold in high esteem Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has, all unconsciously perhaps, written one of the most amusing books of the last six months, to which she has given the high-sounding title, "Rulers of Kings." The novel has met with loud bursts of applause from serious folk who ought to know better, although the New York "Tribune" is dangerously near the fact when it declares that the book is "unmitigated nonsense," but intensely, interesting. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is appearance of the serious serious forms. mitigated nonsense," but intensely, interesting. Mrs. Gert-rude Atherton is announced in the advertisements of her latest outbreak in fiction to be a woman of great beauty who is even now achieving a social triumph in the city of London

and making her sister-scribbler, Miss Corelli, green with envy. Mrs. Atherton is a Californian who has already written several lurid volumes, none of which is a volume to be read by the Young Person. Indeed, if Mr. Podsnap of blessed memory were living now he would not let Georgina's precious young nose sniff the "greenery-yallery" covers that embalm Mrs. Atherton's romances.

Mrs. Atherton's romances.

The dedication of "Rulers of Kings" is a trifle startling—"To Poultney Bigelow, one of the small band of American writers who dares at all times to tell the truth, whose patriotism is genuine and useful and who has revealed to us so much of modern Europe." Poor dear Poultney Bigelow! If he dares at all times to tell the truth, the state of that "American" patriot must be unhappy indeed. Small must be the band to which he belongs and many the bricks that are heaved thereat. But if Poultney Bigelow be blessed with that fine sense of humor of which women are supposed to be destitute, he will sit up and say things when he reads the dedication which his female friend has so glowingly inscribed to his virtues. He knows in the depths of his heart that he would never dream of telling the truth at all times—least of all in the moments that he wastes upon the novelist who belongs to the frailer sex.

belongs to the frailer sex.

The first sentence of the novel is also a facer. Hearken to it, O impecunious Canadians, to whom a railway grant of two millions seems a large sum!—"When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred millions of dollars



Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Author of "Rulers of Kings." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers,

he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an Emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe." Fessenden Abbott is truly an extraordinary young gentleman, but as time goes on he becomes quite at home with the four hundred millions and also with the moonlit balconies of Hungary, where he lingers with the Austrian princess, Ranata, to whom Mrs. Atherton might have given a less "rodently" suggestive name. The Yankee hero chums with the German Emperor, William, and jollies the ruler of Austria into bestowing the fair Ranata upon him, although the latter gentleman is so far impressed with the inferiority of the bridegroom that he insists that the princess shall be attired in a simple traveling dress for the wedding. Ranata gets even with her obdurate and imperial parent by wearing "an elaborate and beautiful costume of white cloth," also a hat "with plumes that were truly imperial." This sounds like an outburst in the social columns of a morning paper, and closes the romance in an eminently proper and becoming fashion.

The dominant note in the book is its obvious and insistent "Americanism." Dollars ring on the counter of every page, he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever

"Americanism." Dollars ring on the counter of every page the eagle screeches from the first to the thirty-eighth chap ter, while effete Europe tries in vain to go to sleep. We are assured concerning Ranata, "she was the descendant of eight centuries of kings, and her Americanism was yet in the making." The literary qualities of the book are of the crudest, of ing." The literary qualities of the book are of the crudess, of the cheap chromo class and coloring. But as an amusing specimen of what a United States novelist can perpetrate in the name of art, it would be hard to out-shriek "Rulers of Kings." And yet they say that Dickens was guilty of base calumny when he gave us Mr. Jefferson Brick, to say nothing of the immortal "American" who insisted "we must be cracked upour backs is easy riz."

J. G.

Say what you will, to a woman clothes are the background of all her situations, the decorations of her future. They are a part of her environment from the earliest years, and the arcestral female voices ever whisper and sing to her of them.

Lawn Bowling.

ROM all accounts received, the Old Country lawn bowling tourists are assured of a warm welcome and a hot time.
The following extracts from a letter from Mr. John C. Hunter, president of the Irish Bowling Association, speak for maselves, and nowhere will the visitors receive a more dial welcome, a regular "Caed mille failthe," than in the Emerald Isle:

"Yours of the 28th ult., with accompanying letter to Mr. Hamilton, duly received, and all noted with interest. I shall at an early date bring your letter before the Irish B. A.

"I am greatly pleased to note that I may have the pleasure of meeting the Canadians at the London County B. C. about

From the letter to Mr. Hamilton I conclude that we may "From the letter to Mr. Hamilton I conclude that we may expect the Canadian team to drop over from Scotland on Monday, July 25, by the daylight service, leaving Greenock at 10 c'clock a.m. and arriving at Belfast at 2 p.m., and that you will play your first match on Tuesday, July 26, with Belfast B. C.; second match on Wednesday, July 27, with Belmont B. C.; third match on Thursday, July 28, with Coleraine B. C. If the arrangement is carried out I am sure it will be satisfactory to all concerned. Of course let it be clearly understood that we shall velcous the team to Kelter the second that we shall velcous the team to Kelter. stood that we shall welcome the team to Belfast on whateve dates you find suitable to their convenien.

"I note what you say about great interest being centered in the team's visit to the Old Country by Canadians, which is healthy and encouraging. I can assure you that a like feeling exists here, and the coming season is looked forward to with pleasurable expectations of being great in events, and the greatest will undoubtedly be the Canadian bowling team's visit

"I hope every member of your party may have a safe, prosperous voyage; that favorable weather will be experienced in crossing the Atlantic, and that one and all of you may en-

joy yourselves."

Bowlers will please note that the annual tournament of Bowlers will please note that the annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association will commence at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 5th. It is believed that the attendance will be fully up to previous years, notwithstanding the absence of so many members on the Old Country trip. LUNA.

Won the Pot.

That little hand! I hold it firm in mine, And scan its outlines fine. My eyes expand
And grow with love intense and strong,
I gaze upon it fond and long,
That little hand!

That little hand! It is so smooth, so pure and white, And covered o'er with diamonds quite, In beauty grand.
Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress,
That little hand!

That little hand! There are no others fair to you!
I lay you down, and gladly, too,
With manner bland. It was a diamond flush and straight. Soon may I hold its charming mate! That little hand! Lucan, Ont., May 1st, 1904.

Adam, who was the first man to brag of his salad dressing, as not, unfortunately, the last.—"Smart Set."

Does the clam fritter its time away?—Philadelphia "Re-

When the chord of montony is stretched most tight, then

When the chord of montony is stretched most tight, then it breaks with a sound like song.—G. K. Chesterton. It doesn't matter who votes for me, so long as my friends count the ballots.—"Mr. Dooley."

New ideas are like strange dogs; they always meet a brickbat or the garden hose.—"Suggestion."

They have rights who dare maintain them.—Lowell.

Never strike sail to fear.—Emerson.

No man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson.

What is a gentleman? I'll tell you? A gentleman is one who keeps his promises made to those who can not enforce them.—Elbert Hubbard.

"Tis little that I ask of fate—

A life exempt from harm,

A life exempt from harm,
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
And a little radium farm!

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Not Immersed.

Former Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, he of the pink whiskers and silver tongue, is equally famous in the West for his memory of faces and his desire to be always in the public

Prior to Mr. Lewis' retirement from politics, one of his enthusiastic supporters, a member of the Baptist Church, started the report that the bewhiskered statesman had joined that denomination and would undergo total immersion at his baptism. The story created so much stir in Washington, then the forme Congressman's home State, that a reporter hastened to interview him. Mr. Lewis feigned indignation when he heard of his alleged conversion.

"You might have known," he exclaimed angrily, "that I couldn't keep out of the public gaze long enough to be totally immersed!"

A Creel of Gossip.

LITTLE woman walked along King street last Monday morning with an air of determination that meant a large purchase and a sudden decline in her husband's bank account. She met a certain dear friend—a woman—at the corner of King and Yonge, and in the shadow of the C.P.R. ticket office she unfolded the tale

"What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going straight to Murray's to get a new spring suit."
"But you've got that lovely gray affair," said the surprised friend, "it's just new, and I don't see what you want with another coat suit."

"I don't need it. I'm doing it to spite Tom." Now. Tom

"I don't need it. I'm doing it to spite Tom." Now, Tom is the husband's name, and as he is always referred to in terms of wifely adoration by his spouse, the friend merely gasped and then enquired eagerly,
"Why, what's he been doing?"
"Doing!" echoed the little woman, flercely. "Why, I wouldn't have believed it of him. Just think! I've been taking lessons in dressmaking in order to save. Catch me saving any more! Tom thought it was a good idea, and when I told him what a bargain I had in this gray stuff and how I was going to make it all by myself, he seemed to be just as pleased as Punch. I got it all done last week and put it on last night to wear to church, and—and—."
"Well?" said the friend with intelligent sympathy.
"My dear, that man simply stood there and said it wrinkled in the back and that I hadn't enough color to wear gray."
"Just like a man! They never appreciate anything. But what did you do?"
"Why I just tore the old thing off and result evidence."

"Just like a man! They never appreciate anything. But what did you do?"

"Why, I just tore the old thing off and nearly cried my eyes out, and told him he could go to church by himself for he needed it more than I do, and he went off in a horrid temper, saying that women have no sense of humor. Humor, indeed! Why, I just slaved over this suit to save a little for him. This morning he tried to pretend he was sorry, but I told him he'd be sorry forty dollars. So I'm going to order something new in green, and I shouldn't be surprised if I got a new hat as well. There's not a bit of use in economizing when a man acts like a brute."

"Perhaps he didn't mean it," urged the friend; "perhaps he—he'd been out to the Junction on Saturday." But the little woman was already on her extravagant way to a stunning green gown.

Queen's University in Kingston is an advanced institution in the teaching of the Higher Criticism and it's just as well to avoid talking theology with the divinity men from Queen's unless you know a thing or two about "The Documents of the Hexateuch," and the latest theories about Jonah and Jeremiah. However, the story is told about a Queen's student that he went away to a small country congregation somewhere in New York State for the summer, where he talked the very best that he knew for two long months. The next year, another Queen's man, with less advanced views in theology, went to the same charge, and in conversation with a rural member said, "Well, how did you like my friend Panks?"

"He was all right in some ways," said the farmer slowly, "He was all right in some ways, sand the larmer slowly, "but his sermons were awful queer stuff. Do you know, he was always talking about some darned thing that he called 'the original,' but what it was beats me."

"You talk about our forefathers," said a young Torontonian last week, "as if we moderns were a poor, decadent lot, with no backbone at all. I can tell you that all the plucky men weren't killed in the War of 1812, nor even in the Fenian Raid. The night of the fire, there was a chap—lilly Ross—whose business went up in smoke about ten c'clock. By eleven o'clock Billy had rented a new warehouse, and before midnight he was ordering new goods and taking orders for his stuff. He's engaged to Ethel Myers, you know, and they were to be married in June. She rang him up about twelve o'clock that night and he went over and had a chafing-dish supper. Billy said it was ripping Weish rarebit—and they'd decided that they'd get married in June, anyway. Ethel said she didn't care about going to Europe and would just as soon stay at Long Branch for the summer. There's good stuff in Toronto boys yet, if we don't have all the homely virtues of the pioneers, that we're always being reminded of." "You talk about our forefathers," said a young Toron-

"Why is it." said the man, "that you can't convince a woman that there's anything wrong in smuggling?" "Smuggling!" repeated the woman, "of course there isn't any harm about it. Why, I smuggle every chance I get." She was a church member and read papers in the missionary society, but she was very much in earnest over this attack on one of woman's dearest pastines

one of woman's dearest pastimes.

"But it's cheating the Government," he urged.

"The Government ought to be cheated," firmly replied the woman, with the fine scorn of her sex for an institution that is merely masculine. "The very idea of making us pay twice for things! I never could understand what the duty is for. I just believe those members at Ottawa take the money and spend it for cigars and chamagne. They don't really need.

I just believe those members at Ottawa take the money and spend it for cigars and champagne. They don't really need it, and it's a great injustice to the people to charge them for buying a pair of shoes in Detroit or a silk skirt in Buffalo." "But our policy must be protection. You see, the tariff of the United States is—""

"I know that their politics is ever so much worse than ours. And just look at the way the Customs house officers behave in New York. Nothing is too bad for a Government which appoints such men. I think it's every woman's duty to smuggle. Just last week when I came back from Clifton Springs, I brought heaps of stuff and the loveliest—" springs, I brought heaps of stuff and the lovelies

"I'm not going to tell you about it. But I had ever so nany things for different people, and I just enjoyed sneakin them in. I'd like to know what busin men at the Falls whether I've been shopping in Buffalo

But you don't see the principle-"There isn't any principle," she insisted with final firmness. "It's a bad law and ought to be broken. Then women haven't any votes and can't say anything about the duty. So they smuggle in self-defence." The man then asked if he might light a cigar.

CANADIENNE.

Woman

Consider levely woman, how she keepeth up to date, How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion-plate, How she yearneth for improvements in her mental attributes, How she wrieth on the Ethics of the Whizzing Shoot-the-Chutes.

How she talketh at the sessions of her half a dozen clubs, Tow she planneth for the helping of the maid who cooks and

scrups,

How she painteth purple Cupids on the useless China plaque,

How she fretteth that her garments are not pleated in the

back,
How she purifieth matters when election cometh 'round,
How she seeketh ever earnestly for mental sand to pound,
How she blocketh up the sidewalk after every matinee,
How she weepeth when the jugy music cometh in the play,
How she hatchetizeth bar-rooms till the fixtures have to float,

How she hatchetizeth peritions for the hixtres have to hose, how she getteth up petitions for the privilege to vote, how she walketh with a hopping like the gentle kangaroo, how she changeth in a moment to another gait pursue. I've she taketh half the evening to attire herself in haste how she changeth every season the location of her waist. How she—oh, my son, consider—yea, consider if thou like, But when woman, lovely woman, cometh down the mental nite.

Thou wilt find it best to vacate, to bring other things to

For she leaveth all our guesses in the dusty wake behind.

—Baltimore "American."

Life on the Hill-Top.

The man who has never viewed the world from a hill The man who has never viewed the world from a filt holds but a paltry and sluggish spirit within his bosom. He is myopic, limited, hemmed in of soul, a gazer upon walls. Therefore, it is a sign of growth when the plains-dweller, the denizen of the valley, seeks him a high place. It betokens an elevation of the heart and a sense of supremacy.—"Argonaut,"



OUT COMES ANOTHER. Ross and Whitney-Why did we take the lid off? Correspondence Column

Anecdotal

Senator Grady was called upon recently to speak to a meeting which had been called for the purpose of starting a new club. The Senator said he thought the club business was being overdone. "I was persuaded," he explained, "to join the New York Athletic Club for the benefit of my body, I was persuaded to join the Catholic Club in the interest of my soul, and I am forced to maintain my membership in the Democratic Club in order to keep body and soul together."

Beaconsfield was walking one day with a member of the Gladstone Min stry of '80, who asked his opponen with a member of the Glaustone and istry of '80, who asked his opponent how he thought they were getting on. "Pretty well," replied he; "but I like the old-fashioned methods. The first year you do nothing; the second year you talk of doing something; the third year you do something—and succeed; the fourth year you do something—and fall: the fifth year you spend in discussing whether it was a failure or not; the sixth you go to the country, who pronounce that it was."

A story that is told of Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a quarter of a century ago, illustrates the aburdity of a popular kind of argument. Dr. Bacon was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" "Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

That Sir Thomas Lipton is much of a Chesterfield needs no confirmation, though this story, which is added testimony, shows that he happily turned a well-worn joke and gave comfort in defeat. Among his guests on the "Erin" one day before the races were sailed was a fetching miss of 17, who wished him a sweeping success. "I'm confident I've the better boat," said he. "And yet one should not always be too sure." "Yes," she assented copyl, "There's many a slip between the cup and the Lip." "I would be amply compensated for defeat," he replied, with a bow, "if the slip were a slip of a girl like you." That Sir Thomas Lipton is much of

the slip were a slip of a girl like you."

Sir Chentung, the Chinese ambassador, can not be induced to make a direct reference to the war; but that it occupies a prominent place in his mind was shown at a recent banquet in New York. Several speakers had lauded the ability that Chentung had shown while at college in this country, at baseball and football. One of the ambassador's neighbors, overcome by the occasion, shouted: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah for the three balls—baseball, football, and highball!" "Make it four," answered the Chinese minister, his eyes narrowing in two long lines of grim suggestiveness; "add a fourth—cannon-ball."

Leonard D. Baldwin of ex-Attorney General Griggs's law firm told the other day of an Irishman who was taken by his priest in an intoxicated condition to a cemetery and propped up against a gravestone. The priest had a lot of the Irishman's friends come to the cemetery dressed in winding sheets to scare him. The friends watched, while one of them went behind the gravestone and poured enough cold water on the Irishman looked around him. He saw the tombs, the tombstones and the figures in winding sheets. "Shay, you fellers," he said, "ye've been here longer than Oi have. Whar kin Oi git a drink?"

General Miles was standing in the

Whar kin Oi git a drink?"

General Miles was standing in the lobby of the Arlington, the other night, and happened to overhear a remark made by a small, thin young man who was standing near. "During the Spanish war," the young man had said, "I took five Spanish officers without any assistance from the army or navy." "What's that?" asked General Miles, turning upon him abruptly: "you say you took five Spanish officers without the assistance of the army or navy!" "That's exactly what I said, sir." replied the young man; "by myself, and without any loss of blood. It happened at Boston. Here is my card. I am Smallsmith, the photographer. Now, if you will allow me to pose you, General." you will allow me to pose you. General
But the general had fled.

"Eben Holden," was born in the northernmost corner of the State of New York, and everybody there knows him and has a standing invitation to see him if they chance to go to New York city, a Journey few of them ever undertake. Recently a woman who used to supply the Bacheller family with fresh vegetables when Irving was a boy went to the city to visit a grandson, and called on the author. On her return she met a friend in the local post-office, and said: "Tell you what, Irving has got things mighty fine since he begun this book-writing business. Rugs on t'e floor, and pictures on the wall, and all that. And not a stove to bother with—the whole house is het by g adiators."

Francis Wilson, when not engaged in eing funny on the stage or in hunting id books, loves an hour on the water. Is has a neat little sailboat with which field books, noves an nour on the water. He has a neat little sailboat with which he finds it safe to explore the shores of Long Island Sound in the neighborhood of his home at New Rochelle, New York. This boat has been named "Psyche," which seems to fit the light and airy nature of the craft, and of which he is rather proud among the host of commonplace names of many other local boats. One day last summer Mr. Wilson was on the pier when he saw a grizzly oysterman regarding with a disgusted expression the name as it appears on the stern. Pointing with his thumb, he called his companion's attention to it, and said: "'P-s-y-c-h-e!' Well, if that ain't the durndest way I ever seen to spell 'fish'!"

Robert M. McLane, the Mayor of Baltimore, said the other day; "Naturally, since our devastating fire, the salesmen of safes have been doing a rushing business here. I am told that two safe salesmen, representing rival firms, called simultaneously on a business man one morning last week. The first salesman said: "To demonstrate the quality of our safes it is our custom to nut a cat in one of them, to lock it, to leave it in the flames for twenty-four hours. At the end of the twenty-four hours we open the safe and the cat leaps out, unharmed.' "Wonderful!" The second salesman spoke up. "We once put a cat in a safe of ours,' he said, 'and kept it surrounded with fire for a week. At the end of the week what condition do you suppose the cat was in?" 'Dead?' said the merchant. 'Yes, dead,' said the salesman. 'But do you know how it died?' 'No. How?' 'It froze to death.'"

rephological study send in. The Editor regraphological study send in Control (Rules: I. Graphological study smust consist
of at least six lines of original matter, including secret againal letters: 2. Letter will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
not an expenditure of the control of the know how it died?" 'No. How?' 'It froze to death.'"

William Jennings Bryan, on account of his expensive mouth, is an easy prey to caricaturists. When he was in New York a month or two ago he was speaking to some of his friends about this very subject. "It know that my mouth is large," said Mr. Bryan, "but it has advantages and disadvantages. You may readily see that I can eat heartily and quickly—very much like feeding an engine boiler. I imagine. On the other hand, I dread a cold, wintry day, when the wind whistles like a calliope. On those occasions it is necessary to keep my mouth shut, which, as you know, is hard for any politician. I never thought anything about this adornment of my features until I was once told by an ardent admirer that it was a sign of a great man. It was at a meeting and I had made a speech of two hours in length, and when through the chairman said that I would be pleased to meet anyone in the audience. After a number of people had shaken hands an old fellow came up and gave me a hearty grasp, 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Bryan,' he said. 'I am proud to know you, sir. 'You are a great man.' In what way, my friend?' I asked. 'It's your mouth, your honor. Whenever you listen to a man talk watch his mouth. If when he opens it you can be that man is great, sir.'" ou can see his back teeth, you take from me that man is great, sir."

Seashore or Mountains.

"We'll go to the seashore this summer." said Meekley. "For a long time we couldn't decide between the mountains and the seashore."
"Who finally decided the matter?"
"I did. I said, 'We'll go to the mountains,' and immediately my wife closed her jaws and went out to select materials for a bathing suit."

Moose Meadow Sheriff—Yes, that's spike Moran, alias Big Eddy, alias Jim Thornton, alias Kid McDuff. He's a burglar. Stranger—But why do you will allow me to pose you. General—" But the general had fled.

Irving Bacheller, the author of "Judge."

A Fortune for Dickens.

A Fortune for Dickens.

It seems to be so that J. Pierpont Morgan has bought a set of the works of Charles Dickens at \$130,000 postpaid. All the details are spread before us. The edition consists of fifteen sets. Eight have been sold. It is called the St. Dunstan Edition of Charles Dickens's Works. Each set will consist, when complete, of one hundred and thirty volumes. The work will be complete in six years. The illustrations are many and elaborate—"Pickwick Papers" will have four hundred and eighty-seven drawings. Noted artists of the United States, England and France have been employed. The books are printed on Italian parchment, and each page will be hand-illumined. No two pages, either in any set or in the whole edition of fifteen sets, are alike. The binding is in colored leather and gold. The total cost of the whole fifteen sets will be \$1,950,000.

Is it a genuine love of the beautiful that impels J. Pierpont Morgan to part with \$130,000 for his set of Dickens? We won not. Rather, we should say, it is the desire to possess something expensive and exclusive. It is a barbarous instinct, common, however, to a respectable portion of mankind, to desire to have something of which there is no duplicate extant. It is likewise a barbarous instinct to desire that which advertises its expensiveness by its gaudiness—as so evidently these books do. Kipling tells in his "American Notes" of being shown about Chicago by a cab-driver. "He took me into a saloon," says Kipling, "and, while I drank, made me note that the floor was covered with silver dollars sunk in cement. A Hottentot would not have been guilty of this sort of barbarism. The coins made an effect pretty enough, but the man who put them there had no thought to beauty, and therefore he was a savage." For fear of the wrath of heaven we shall not compare J. Pierpont Morgan to a saloon-keeper—or even to a Hottentot. Books are the tools of the mind. Delicate tools may fitly have handles of

compare or even to a Hottentot. We don't lack convictions; we are merely—cautious.

Books are the tools of the mind. Delicate tools may fitly have handles of rare tropic woods or yellow ivory. But how absurd to adorn the helve of a meat-axe with silver filigree or gild with gold the stubborn length of a crowbar. No less absurd is it to put the essentially homely and common works of an author like Dickens in a setting of extravagant richness and barbarous magnificence.

One of the stock sayings about Charles Dickens is that he never drew the figure of a gentleman. How uncomfortable, then, must his humble creations feel in such unaccustomed surroundings as costly parchment and purple illuminations. Fancy poor, puny Oliverasking for "More" on a page adorned with delicate traceries in as many colors as were in Joseph's coat. Conceive of Nancy dying the death amid aquarelles and splendid capitals. Imagine Bill Sykes dropping from the roof in the deadly loop on a leaf embellished with a pale-hued water-color.

Book-lovers, indeed! We warrant that not one of the possessors of this literary monstrosity is a tithe as deserving of the title as some wistful boy in a chimney-corner—some slim girl, young-eyed, with an old, brown hook, on a grassy bank, a-gaze at the sea.—The "Argonaut."

Queen Victoria's Old Coachman.

Sands, Queen Victoria's old coach Sands, Queen Victoria's old coachman, who drove her for more than forty years, and without whom she would not go out in a carriage, may be seen daily upon the streets of Windsor, and if you can warm him up a little, says William Curtis, he will relate anecdotes of the late Queen by the hour. He is retired on a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and has been given a little cottage on the royal estates at Eton to live in.

Clean Little Japs.

Clean Little Japs.

The extreme cleanliness of the Japanese makes them find the company of Russians hard to stomach. Russian officers will throw themselves on a couch, or even on a bed, in their boots, though they be covered with mud. In Japan, as in the Netherlands, or a Turkish mosque, one is expected to remove one's shoes, dirty or clean, on entering a house. Japanese ladies who follow the lead of the Empress in giving teas and matinees dansantes a l'Europeenne see to the observance of this rule. The effect of the great variety of shoes and stockings startles Europeans and Americans not used to it. The Russian officer, who will, in spite of the opposition of the servants, enter in his military boots, excites horror among the native guests. A Japanese child brought up a Christian at an American school could not free her mind from the idea that on the Day of Judgment the two great classes symbolized by the sheep and goats would be the clean and dirty people.

I he "Jolts" and Jars" of Life.

shirk them.

Helen Hamilton.—Your enclosure, without signature, is, as you can see by looking at the rules, not admissible. It is
quite an interesting and unique study, but
I cannot consider it.
Gretchen.—You are a Libra child. The
sign Libra rules from September 21 to
October 22, or thereabouts. I have not
my zodiacal table at hand to-day, but you
are completely a Libra, even if above

October 22, or thereabouts. I have now yzodiacal table at hand to-day, but you are completely a Libra, even if above fates are not quite accurate. Libra chiliten have to achieve pouse, and sometimes their temperament varies greatly before they succeed in assuming the control they require. Libra, the Scales, swing high and swing low. Your writing is certainly not beautiful, but it is strong, independent, and honest, discreet and generous, full of thought and with good sequence of ideas. Your will is dominant, and your tendency to tenacity. The varying impulse of the typical Libra is strongly indicated, but with your other traits you should achieve control.

Ethel.—I am afraid it has been "very long," but you are just taken in your turn. It is an excellent study, forceful, pleasant and discreet, with frank and even purpose, some tenacity, a very practical will, and some refinement. Writer should be alive to beauty, and though not diplomatic rather persuasive. There is a charm and swing about your study which should mean much original impulse and ability in yourself. The lines indicating courage of thought and self-respect are excelent.

FORMULA B Olei Morrhum (opt.) 3vii. Ferri Phosphat. 3ii. Phosphori gr. i. Glycerini, etc. q.s., ad. 5xv.

are what use people up. Most people live pretty well up to the limit of their powers, and so long as everything goes smoothly that is apparently all right; but a "jolt" or a "jar" in the shape of business worries, domestic anxieties, or an attack of La Grippe, Pneumonia, Typhoid, or other wasting disease, suddenly reveals the fact that there is a sad lack of reserve force to meet these contingencies and the result is serious, often fatal. A wise man will see to it that his system is fully fortified against sudden attack. To attain this result nothing is so sure and effective as

Ferrol

That fact has been fully established by actual experience. If, therefore, you feel you are not in first-class shape, phy shape, physically, do not fail to take a course of **FERROL** at once. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus—just what you need, it is easy to take, it never fails, and you not fail to take

"Know What You Take"

AT ALL DRUGGISTS samples and literature to The Ferrol Co., Limited, Toronto.

OLD MULL Scotch



London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

like the Russians and the Chinese on one side, and like the Japs, the Ameri-cans and Western Europeans on the other side. She pictured to herself Sa-tan and his myrmidons unwashed, unkempt and wearing ill-smelling sheep's-skin pelisses.—London "Truth."

Cowardly Marksmanship.

It is a bloody business, that of the sportsman. The man who calls himself that, saves himself from the uglier terms of brute and coward. We are speaking of that undeveloped or degencrate creature who takes delight in killing for its own sake: who will slay any unresisting thing that walks or creeps or files or swims, to exhibit his marksmanship, and toss the dead body into a ditch after he has proved it. Would that there were more intelligence and fewer guns. — Brooklyn "Daily Eagle," New York.

Wives for Sale.

Wives for Sale.

A curious custom with the Chinese is that of regarding wives as salable commodities in times of stress. If a married man is suffering from temporary financial embarrassment he breaks the news to his wife gently, and then leads her off to the market place to dispose of her for spot cash. An institution of that kind is, of course, hardly likely to come our way just yet: otherwise, there would be a rush of henpecked husbands up to town to sell her ladyship for what she will fetch, or, at a pinch, to give her away with an old man's blessing, and no questions asked. It is curious to learn, however, that in spite of this pleasing matrimonial arrangement, henpecked husbands exist to a great extent in the land of the Celestial. After all, it is one thing to decide to sell a burdensome wife, and another thing to be able to drag her up to the market place. When a husband has to choose between keeping his wife at home and losing an ear or so in the scuffie to get her to market, he usually resigns himself to the inevitable. Kipling says East is East and West is West, but the home influence of the good woman with brawny arms and a ready tongue seems to be pretty much the same whether here or there.—"Pick-Me-Up."

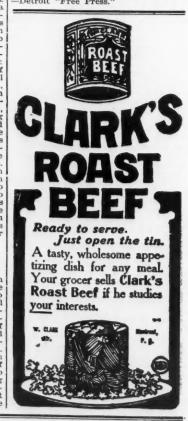
Cockran the Windy.

That frothy, superficial and much over-rated soldier of fortune, Bourke Cockran, made his re-entrance into Congress recently as a Tammany Hall representative the occasion for a sensational outburst against alleged Presidential usurpations of the powers of Congress. Nothing that Cockran said in his strained effort to attract attention was new. He made no argument. He dealt more with invectives than with facts, and he covered himself with froth and glory. He played to the House, the galleries, and everything else in sight. Smarting under the President's contempt for grafters in or out of Congress, a lot of pot-hunters in the

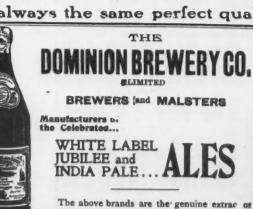
House hastened to Cockran's side to applaud his ravings against the Republican party and the executive. Put in cold type, Cockran's speech reads like a very ordinary effort of a very commonplace stump-speaker. Cockran has followed so many flags, and has been with so many parties and so many factions, that no one pays particular attention to what he says. Sincerity is not regarded as his highest attribute. But those who mistake the gift of gab for real eloquence, and who are satisfied with superficialities of argument and a volume of sound, clap their hands when Cockran speaks, and there is no sweeter music than this to the soul of Tammany's resurrected windbag.—"Leslie's Weekly."

The Spaces for "Dearest."

"Yes," said the boarding-school teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write your fiance. But, of course, you will copy it, leaving out those numerous spaces?" "Oh, dear, no!" replied the girl; "those are for 'dearest.' I have it on a rubber stamp."—Detroit "Free Press."



There is no Salt for table use that can compare with WINDSOR SALT. It is absolutely pure, never cakes, and is always the same perfect quality.



Malt and Hops'

A "Tyrrell" Wedding Invitation

is always in correct form and modern design. Note the harmony in the specimen herewith given. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maitland request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Gertrude Gelen to Mr. Sidney Garman Green " Wednesday. June the twenty-fourth nineteen hundred and four at two o'clock St. Pauls Cathedre Toronto and afterwards at Eimdean," Gurens Burk. In writing for samples and prices kindly state probable quantities required.

Wm. Tyrrell @ Co., 8 King St. West, TORONTO.

steps to generall; Everyl it—excep marry, a time. Sl with him ing-room kitchen, hard gan Bert saw the grinned, the man Other M door, and ing was the It was enough r allow the corners hung to Man put in the stooped

was goodows, b stantly.
A thin and it w the desir "What sneak, J of thing There show th "Look, spread o fore him She w: she had possessir than bea ment.] practised before tin everthe Then hones, and on the transfer "Well, "Those ring." "That's that? H engaged keep the

gars go"I mea
"Of coi
it, then?
"JimThe of
Never
you've or
stock, an
little ga
cared fon
She jet
them bel
heart u
spoke pl "You d
"I do k
"No!"
"Afraic
went up,
on the e
photograface who
safe. B
door. I
She w
better if
the move
"It is
Jim. H
than you
"So he
why you
you love
"I'll m
now. Ar
"Won'!"

knew th "Jenny She ca mission this day. this day, sport.
The marich, and would gif she de And at t would garing r might br word, andid not let the transfer to the transfer transfer to the transfer transfer to the transfer transfer to the transfer transfer transfer to the transfer transfer transfer to the transfer transfe sandy be tick of the She mov "If Jin

"You "You "You "You "By G Other M own fau better th Her pu she flung "Seemi after his in n: A dam fleering it saw g was play "I'll be month"

month." "I am month." He dre meen it.
This we staked has their To Jenn swimmir met hers cared—ji. His over the state of the s

The Fall of the Dice.

HERE was the man she was going to marry, and there was the man she loved, and there was herself. Other people came into her world, but they do not count

Just at this time she happened to be

Just at this time she happened to be a lady-help, and when she had carried the dinner things out into the kitchen she went to the head of the kitchen she went to the head of the kitchen she went to the head of the kitchen steps to meet the man she loved. He generally came in the back way because it was the shortest, and he generally helped her wash up before he strolled into the front rooms, because—Everybody in the front rooms knew it—except the man she was going to marry, and he was there for the first time. She had been playing ping-pong with him in the glare of the hot dinagroom. Now, out in the shadowed kitchen, she was going to play a cruelly hard game with the Other Man.

Bert Barlow, passing the kitchen, saw the Other Man on the steps, and grinned. For he knew the ignorance of the man she was going to marry. The Other Man called to Bert from the door, and came in laughing. This evening was to him just as all the rest were, and would be. But she knew that it was the end of the beginning of life. It was a hot, breathless night, with enough moonlight across the kitchen to allow the gas-jet to burn low, and the corners where cups and dish towels hung to go out in darkness. The Other Man put his arm round her shoulders in the ordinary possessive way, and stooped to kiss her. Without doubt he

in the ordinary possessive way, and stooped to kiss her. Without doubt he was good to look at, even in the sha-dows, but she slipped from him in-

dows, but she slipped from him instantly.

A thing denied increases in value, and it was her intention to awaken all the desire in him this night.

"What's that for? Don't be a little sneak, Jenny. You can keep that sort of thing for the other fellows."

There was enough anger in him to show that he really cared.

"Look," she said, dramatically, and spread out her hands on the table before him.

She was not in the least pretty, but

fore him.

She was not in the least pretty, but she had that which the few women possessing it know to be more powerful than beauty. It is usually called devilment. He looked, knowing she had practised that little backward poise before the glass. But it pleased him, nevertheless.

Then he put his hand over the spread

nevertheless.

Then he put his hand over the spread ones, and drew them nearer as he sat on the table edge.

"Well, little girl?"

"Those pearls are my engagement

ring."
He separated the fingers, chuckling

referenced the ingers, chucking contentedly.

"That's another of 'em, isn't it? And that? How many times have you been engaged since I knew you, Jenny? You keep the scalps, and let the poor begans of ""

keep the scalps, and let the poor beggars go—"
"I mean it this time."
"Of course. You always do. Who is it, then?"
"Jim—again. He—he's here now."
The Other Man whistled softly.
"The deuce he is! I thought he belonged to the back-country entirely. Never mind. You'll chuck him, as you've chucked the lot of 'em—lock, stock, and barrel. You must have your little game, Jenny; but you've never cared for a man yet—except me."
She jerked away her hands, and put them behind her. The thumping of her heart unsteadied her volce, for he spoke plain truth.
"You don't know that. It's a—"
"I do know that! Come here, Jenny."
"No!"
"Afreid of Jim eh?" His everprove.

"No!"

"Afraid of Jim, eh?" His eyebrows went up, quizzically. "He'll be sitting on the edge of his chair, turning over photograph albuma, and mopping his face when nobody's looking. He's all safe. Besides, Bert shut the middle door. I heard him."

She would have played this game better if love and fear had not blurred the moves.

she would have played this same better if love and fear had not blurred the moves.

"It is you who should be afraid of Jim. He's a good man, much better than you."

"So he is. Very much better. That's why you love me. Come and tell me you love me, Jenny."

"I'll never tell you that any more, now. And I'll never let you kiss me."

"Won't you? Not when you know I'm wanting you so?"

His tone was very tender, for he, too, knew the value of practice.

"Jenny! If you love me, dear?"

She came then, with the meek submission that had won her much before this day. But then she had played for sport.

mission that had won her much before this day. But then she had played for sport.

The man she was going to marry was rich, and grey as a bandicoot. Also, he would give her the soul out of his body if she desired it, and it could be found. And at the word of the Other Man she would go with him to the end of life, caring not at all what the morrow might bring. But he had not said that word, and—because she loved him—she did not know if he would ever say it.

word, and—because she loved him—she did not know if he would ever say it.

The incoming tide talked to the sandy beach across the road, and the tick of the clock was oppressively loud. She moved, and he held her closer.

"If Jim knew," she whispered.

"Who cares? Like his cheek to want sall your kisses himself."

all your kisses himself!"
"You wouldn't like it if—if you were

"You wouldn't like it if—if you were the!"

"By George, no, I should not!" The Other Man laughed uneasily. "It's his own fault. I look after my possessions better than he does."

Her pulses drummed in her ears and she flung him a challenge.

"Seems to me you prefer looking after his."

"Perhaps I do. When they're only this in name."

A damp dish-cloth on the wall had a

his in name."

A damp dish-cloth on the wall had a fleering face in the moonlight. Possibly it saw all the cards in the game she was playing so blindly.

"I'll be more than his in name—next month."

month."
"What?" "I am going to marry Jim next month."

"I am going to marry Jim next month."

He drew back her head and looked at ther keenly.

"You can't. You love me, not him."

"But I am going to marry him. I mean it. I am going to marry him."

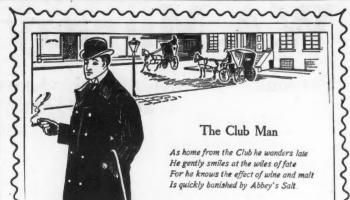
This was the last throw, and she had staked her soul on it. He half guessed as their eyes held each other silently. To Jenny there was nothing in the swimming universe but those eyes that met hers. If he cared Oh, God! if he cared—just a little!

His own sight was very clear, and presently he reddened.

No one likes to feel that he deserves horse-whipping; and so the Power that made man of sinful clay should undoubtedly take the blame. Besides, they had both played with fire all their lives, and if she had burnt her fingers at last, it was surely only what she might have expected.

He dropped his eyes, and stood up with a sigh.

"Well, every girl thinks more of marriage than of love, I suppose. Jim's a good man, as you justly observe, and he will make a very estimable husband. I wish you all happiness, of course, and—though you are going to be so cruel to me, Jenny—you'll give me another kiss for the sake of the jolly times we used to have."



A night at the club - an unusually elaborate banquet -even a "bird and a bottle" -ought to be followed by a foaming glass of ABBEY'S SALT, next morning.

It cleans the stomach and bowels-stirs up the liver-clears the head-gives snap and vim to the whole system-and sends a man to business as "bright as a dollar."

It makes the clubman, the epicure, forget he

Abbey's Effervescent Salt Is "the Joy of Living."

She let him take the kisses, because the world had come to an end, and nothing else mattered. But she was sumb under his touch. Then the rattle of the piano reminded her. She straightened her hair in the deft, quick way he knew so well, and walked before him into the crowded front rooms.

Being a woman, it was necessary that she should so talk and laugh and sing that the Other Man would never know. Nothing could be more welcome. We that the Other Man would rever know that she had played with him for the desire of her soul—and lost. And (being a woman) no one ever did

The Brothers.

One was a true-born rover,
And saw all there was to be seen;
The oceans were puddles of water,
The continents, patches between.
He knew all the world like a primer,
He read it and read it again;
There was never a part but he knew
by heart,
And after the manner of men.

And one fell in love with a woman,
The sort that make excellent wives;
They made them a home in a cottage
With Love, to the end of their lives.
His world was as broad as the ocean
And high as the heaven's biue dome,
And with nothing worth being or know
ing or seeing.

ing or seeing Beyond the snug harbor of home. Yes, one owned the love of a woman With whom there was none to compare; And one saw no woman so lovely But he had seen others as fair.
One trained the rose of contentment To bloom in the garden of life; And one knew the smiles of the world (and its wiles),
But never the love of a wife.

—Nixon Waterman.

Is No Longer a Death Sentence Bright's Disease Again Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Johann Mayor, Given Up by Two Doc tors, is Again a Strong Healthy Girl.

John Oliver Hobbes's new novel is nearly ready for publication. A small country town is its scene, and its key-note is to be found in these lines from "Atalanta in Calydon":

But from the light and flery dreams of love
Spring heavy sorrows and a sleepless
life,
Visions, not dreams, whose lids no
charm shall close,
Nor song assuage them waking.

Senator Beveridge, whose book, "The Russian Advance," has all the advantage that timeliness can give it, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the study of Russian and Japanese relations. He is said to be the only foreigner intent upon study who ever went through Manchuria with the knowledge and sanction of the Russian Government. He met and interviewed all the leading men of both China and Japan.

Bram Stoker, author of "The Jewel of Seven Stars." which was one of the books most in demand at a local library last week, is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After his college days he entered the Irish civil service, and at the same time worked as a literary, art and dramatic critic for newspapers. He also edited an evening paper. Since 1878, when Sir Henry Irving assumed the management of the Lyceum Theater in

been infected with the snobbery you hear so much about. We have ceased to get impatient at this sort of thing. It is too old and familiar. We have been reading about it certainly since 1869. In every administration, about the same sort of social flapdoodle comes from Washington and the same dreadful ravages of snobbery are portrayed. Let us not blame Washington people for the malicious gossip of which they are the victims.—"Everybody's Magazine." The Last Message.

There is a clever lad who will get his living in this world. For playing truant maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say:

of his existence, he paused at the door to say:
"Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach."
The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal voice asked what he meant.
"I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation."
This was enough. The small boy was triumphant and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

A Safe Place.

Brigand (stopping lady in carriage)— Halt, madam, and hand over your

cash,
Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir,
and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large
party of tourists coming up the hill, I
would advise you to let me pass,
Brigand—Thanks, madam; your advice is worth heeding. Good-day.

The French Novel and Intrigue

"If the average reader of French novels, whose knowledge of the French people is derived entirely from that source, were asked to name the prevalent feature of French married life, there could be but one reply—the infidelity of the wife," thinks a writer in the Chicago "Chronicle," who continues: "That this impression, which prevails so generally among the novel-reading public outside of France, is utterly false is known to all who have had the opportunity to observe the home life of the French people. The wonder, therefore, has been that the French writers of love romances, almost without exception, should employ a theme which amounts to a slander of their own womenkind, and one so destructive to the sentimental ideals and morals of youth. A logical, if not altogether satisfactory, explanation of this perversion of light literature is contained in a recent article by Dr. Emil Reich, contributed to the 'Contemporary Review.' The French people could wish for no kindlier critic, nor one who takes a more optimistic view of the future, not only of the French nation, but of the Latin races generally. This writer sees no evidence of degeneracy in the eroticism of the French novel, but regards it as an inevitable feature of the romantic literature of the people whose social customs have left their novelists no other alternative. The French writers are wholly lacking in the material which forms the basis of the healthful and inspiring love-stories of English literature—the sentimental attachments of the young. The beautiful maden of real life in France is immured in a convent, or some other secunded educational institution, until she reaches young womanhood, after which she is under the constant espionage of her parents until she is married. The noble-minded youth who woos her must pay his court in their watchful presence. There are no clandestine meetings, no monlight strolls, no unselfish acts of devotion, and no heroic situations which constitute romantic fiction. In real life, as Dr. Reich points out, the jeune fil with the famous actor.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose new novel, "Nostromo," is to be published in book form before long, is reported to have undertaken the composition of a series of essays dealing in anecdotal fashion with the sea and the author's experience with ships and saliors. Nothing could be more welcome. We want all of the imaginative work that Mr. Conrad can give us, but we have often wished that he would write just such a book as he now proposes to write, a book in which he would put all idea of romance aside and simply give us first-hand impressions of seafaring life, not romance, but bald truth. We know that he could give us that truth, for all his work as a literary artist goes to show that his imagination is faithful to fact.

The late Henry Sotan Merrimen 16fe The late Henry Seton Merriman left \$25,000 to a lady, Miss E. B. Hall, in recognition of the literary services she had done him by her advice and criticism, without which, he says, he could never have earned a living by his pen. This lady is reported by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll to be Mr. Merriman's "gifted and accomplished sister-in-law," who wrote over the pen-name of "S. G. Tallentyre." "S. G. Tallentyre," it will be remembered, is the author of a most interesting volume on Voltaire, recentity published by Messrs. Putnam. a most interesting volume on Voltaire, recently published by Messrs. Putnam.

oung women who have rebelled against parental restraint."

British Cookery.

The Englishwoman cook who can cook economically and well is a treasure and a rarity. A crying need in this country is good and cheap cookery instruction for the household cook, whose incompetence has become a byword.—"Caterer."

Russian Affairs.

Various interesting items appeared at a recent autograph sale in London. One of these was an "I. O. U." for one hundred pounds, written by Gibbon, the historian, on the back of a ten of diamonds—he had lost the sum at cards to A. Blondel, in May, 1786.

Mark Twain is not studying Italian; he does not consider it necessary, even though he is domiciled in Florence for some time to come. "I cannot speak the language," he recently explained; "I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair I throw in an Italian word when I have one."

incurable diseases is again proved in the case of Miss Johann Mayor of this place. In an interview Miss Mayor says:—

"I had Bright's Disease in its worst stages, and had to give up a profitable position with a corset firm. Two doctors whom I consulted gave me up, telling me I had let the disease go too far. I spent a fortune with doctors besides going to Caledonia Springs each summer, but no good resulted, and I began to think I could not endure life much longer.

"It was then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it is owing to them entirely that I am at work to-day, a strong, healthy girl. It took eight boxes in all to complete the cure, but I did not take the first two boxes regularly, as I had no faith in them. You may be sure in future I will never be without Dodd's Kidney Pills."
Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. How sure it is they will cure all the earlier stages of Kidney Disease.

About Writers.

M. Doumer, France's "coming man," who, if he wishes, can be the next Premier, and who at the present mothers is the wishes, can be the next Premier, and who at the present mother is the leader in the race for the Presidency of the republic, is a remarkable figure. The son of working locksmith, it was not easy for him only an elementary education, and who fought him up to the trade of a working locksmith, it was not easy for him of ill up the vacant educational gaps. But he did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instruction. Thanks to this, in the did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instruction. Thanks to this, in the did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instruction. Thanks to this, in the did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instruction. Thanks to this, in the present monet is the pr M. Doumer, France's "coming man,

Nearly Sad.

A newspaper in a small country town not far from New York employs a reporter whose knowledge of English idioms is somewhat uncertain. He was assigned recently to report the sudden death of an important local citizen, and after describing the circumstances leading up to it, he referred to the sadand after describing the circumstances leading up to it, he referred to the sadness of the bereavement sustained by the family.
"The widow," he concluded, "is almost grief-stricken."

Snobs and Gush.

The men, women or children who send to the press accounts of social "doings" in "official circles" at Washington seem to have sensitive imaginations and an artistic method of so adorning their accounts as to make the judicious reader "sick." No other word can express the feeling. You are often tempted to believe that the most offensive and drivelling snobs in the world are in Washington. Your gorge rises at the ever-recurring vulgarism of "First Lady in the Land." Some private secretary or marshal or other

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

Hunyadi János

Mineral Water

the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.



TEACHER'S **HIGHLAND** CREAM

Recommended by Physicians **Drunk by Connoisseurs**



GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.

country. The peasantry know its danger, but are in such a poverty-stricken condition that they are compelled to make the diseased rye into bread, and take their chance of evil results following, as an alternative to starvation. In the Province of Tomsk alone, as recently as at Christmas time, one in every ten of the inhabitants was suffering from the effects of ergot poisoning.

Self-Discovered Invalids.

Until a certain age is reached the mind refuses to think seriously of the body. A boy may rub his shins and examine his bruises, but he would as lief think of considering the state of his liver as he would turn to talking erigrammatically. It is only when a man begins to look into the prosaic vista of middle-age that he finds himself a painful student of his physical apparatus. Then it is that he discovers for the first time in his life that he is a chronic invalid.—"Globe."

A Gallant Testimonial

A very pretty manicure in Bond street recently was attending upon Joe Redding, and, as she added the finishing touches, she looked up with limpid eyes, and said: "We are always so glad to have testimonials from our customers. Do you mind?" "Delighted." responded gallant Joseph. Whereupon he wrote upon his card and handed her the following: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

The Ubiquitous Circular.

The circular not only litters our letter-boxes. It is stuffed in our magazines, and in some cases stitched or our books and weekly papers. In the suburbs it is made an excuse for the invasion of one's privacy by all corte suburbs it is made an excuse for the invasion of one's privacy by all sorts of undesirable people. I have often been on the verge of boycotting the periodicals the publishers of which issue these leaflets; but I have compromised the matter by promptly "shedding" all the extraneous "literature" into the waste paper basket, unlooked at.—"Lady's Pictorial."

What Would Happen.

"What would happen to-day," said the thoughtful citizen, "if Diogenes were to go through one of our great cities with a lantern looking for an honest man?" "That's easy," answered the Chicago man. "Someone would steal his lan-tern before he had gone three blocks." —Chicago "News."

Vicarless Halifax.

We go to press without any news at There is no danger of a Morgan shipping combine interfering with Rus-sia's mercantile fleet. Nobody who is not a Russian subject can hold any all of a new vicar. But, having escaped the perils of the vote of censure, the Prime Minister may be able to turn his attention to us in the north. The living of Halifax was once vacant for a whole year.—Halifax "Parish Church Magazine."

A Bottle of O'Keefe's Extra A

Mild IS ALL ALE-no dregs-no sedi ment. It is perfectly brewed-perfectly aged. Pure, clear, spark ling—a golden amber in color-with a rich, creamy flavor that i as satisfying as it is delicious. You don't appreciate how good Ale can be until you enjoy O'Keefe's.

viewed gave vent to Republican ideas of a pronounced kind. He scouted the notion of there being any king or queen of the gipsies. Every gipsy, it seems, considers himself as good as his neighbor, and there have been as many as four tents in an encampment, each labelled "Queen of the Gipsies."

The Queen's Cupboards.

The Queen's Cupboards.

The Queen's cupboards will be quite a feature in up-to-date model dwellings for the working classes. It will be remembered how Her Majesty, after she and the King had visited the County Council's tenements at Millbank, suggested the addition of these convenient receptacles for the comfort of the future inmates, and that the royal counsels were followed. Now they have been also carried out at the buildings upon the Ann street estate. Poplar, and the county councillors took care that Queen Alexandra should hear of this willingness on their part to follow her gracious advice. The information has called forth a charming letter from her Majesty to the clerk of the Council, in which she "is very pleased to think that it was owing to her suggestion that this addition was made." There is little doubt that many a poor working woman will be induced to cultivate order and neatness in her home through the adoption of the idea.

Don't Mention It.

"I supose," says the stranger to the patriotic Russian, "that since General O h owigetoutskiandknockemaroundskiandpushemofftheroadovitch won his great victory his name is in everybody's mouth in your country?"

"Wel," answers the patriotic Russian, "Wel," answers the patriotic Russian, 'part of it is."

An Anxious Time in Great Britain.

These are doubtful hours for Great Britain. Can she keep out of the war? Is that policy of free trade which share pursued so long to be changed for a whole year.—Halifax "Parish Church Magazine."

A Gipsy Queen.

With regard to the rumored coronation of a gipsy queen in Edinburgh, one of the gipsies who has been inter-



May



WITH eggs at fifteen cents a dozen one feels a sort of amability toward the Canadian hen, which contrasts with the exasperation her dilatory course aroused during early spring. A hen story comes from a clever man who has had it in cold storage for some time, but vows it has not been made public. It was in Winnipeg, in the early "seventies," when Johnny H.—, a whole-souled, genial little Irishman, kept the principal hotel and on winter mornings, when there wasn't much doing, some of the boarders and others would gather round the big wood stove in the coffee-room and gossip or tell stories. On one such occasion a burly Mennonite farmer, rolled up in woollen mufflers and sheepskin, entered, carry-Mennonite farmer, rolled up in woollen mufflers and sheepskin, entered, carrying a basket of fowls. In broken English he enquired: "Want to buy some hans?" "Phwat's that ye say?" said Johnnie. "Want to buy some hans?" repeated the farmer. "Och! it's hins ye mane," said Johnnie. Then, addressing the group about the stove, "It's a quare thing ye nivver kin tache thim d— Minninites to say 'hins'!" I think that's a good enough story to tell every thirty years!

I think that's a good enough story to tell every thirty years!

I wonder what will be the next silly rise that so-called "English woman" who has been criticizing Toronto women in English papers will try to take out of us? First our gentlewomen are dowdy and plebelan-looking, and now our shop girls have bad manners. Truly, one goes from home to learn news of one's own. If anything has improved about this over-grown town of ours it is the service in the shops. If ever there is a place on earth where good manners are the very "sine quanon" of position it is in the shops, for the competition is so close and obvious and keen that the one unpardonable sin is to drive away a customer. The rankness of the criticism came home to me one day this week, when I had occasion to give a certain shop-girl a good deal of trouble and rummaging. Her interest in my taste, herendeavor to meet my wish, and her quiet pleasure when at last we found the only right thing, were an object lesson in courtesy and kindness. We have had impertinence and indifference in past years, but lately a wave of good manners seems to have swept over the surface of the shopping sea. The heads of departments are stricter than ever in noting the demeanor, not only of the shop-girl, but of the departing customer. Sometimes they even way-lay one and enquire if one has been suited, and take stock of the weary dissent or the satisfied assertion that one has not shopped in vain. One feels, in certain shops, the constant alertness and supervision, and the shops of Toronto, because we daily and hourly prove that it is always, or very nearly always, awaiting us.

I once had a most informing half-hour in the luncheon-room of a big.

nearly always, awaiting us.

I once had a most informing half-hour in the luncheon-room of a big shop, where no one but the shop-girls was supposed to enter. The girls had been a bit excited over a visit from royalty and were gathered round two of their number who had been serving their royal patron. "She spoke so nicely, not in high English, like Mrs. —" and one of the girls gave a perfect imitation of a friend of mine—voice, word, manner, unmistakably exact." And she said, "Thank you,' so pleasantly, too!" At which there were node and smiles from the girls. "And she said, "Do you think you could send those things at once?" just as meek as Moses," said the second girl. "If I were a princess, I think I'd put on a little more." An old shopwoman quietly remarked, "The best-bred people are easiest served, and the very best always leave a good feeling with anyone who waits on them." It came to me then that one might as well aim at that, for one can be the "very best" in a good many ways if one only cares to try, and it must be pleasant to leave that "good feeling" where one has passed.

Isn't it weird what funny effects are produced when quiet, serious Canadians essay the adoption of foreign garments? Do you remember the stout lady in the Russian blouse? And have you seen the tall, thin female in her kimono? Long-necked women should never wear the "cuddly" Japanese garment, nor pudgy creatures the loose and sometimes exceedingly smart coat of the much-bombarded Russ. But they will do it, all the more just now, because sympathy with either side is beginning to run high, and all the skinny girls are not Russ, nor are all the dumpling-built females Jap in their leanings.

Two little girls sat on the steps and talked and talked. "I'm going to get me a noo hat," said six-year-oid. "It's going to have one or two fevvers on it and a frill of lace, like the lady we saw in church Sunday." "Aw! I'd not have such a lid!" scornfully answered seven-year-old. "Me muvver's going to buy me a automobile cap, and Sunday we're goin' out for a ride." "On a automobile." said six-year-old in respectfully interested surprise. "Naw, silly! On the front seat of a open car. It's just as good, and don't cost me nothing, Muvver says she's afraid they'll charge On the front seat of a open car. It's just as good, and don't cost me nothing. Muvver says she's afraid they'll charge me this summer, but I'll scrooge down and make meself look little." Six-year-old sighed enviously. "I wisht my ma would buy me a automobile cap," she whispered, but seven-year-old did not sympathize. She evidently discouraged the duplicating of her "lid."

For cheerful repartee I select the following, which I heard as I hurried along to the office the first bright day: "There goes the only real lady on the street." jeered a woman on a doorstep as a fine-looking but very much overloaded female passed her with uplifted chin. The passer-by turned graciously. "Tis the first true word I've ever heard pass yer teeth," said she, sweetly, and lurched along with a smile of triumph at the way she had accepted the unintentional tribute.

If any of my readers are inclined to be amused at the littleness of humanity very plainly set forth, I can recommend them to peruse "Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence," a series of letters and responses thereto passing between the friends and relatives of an old bachelor of means and that ultra-selfish and cranky personage. an old bachelor of means and that ultra-selfish and cranky personage. These letters remind one of the play in which everyone had to say just exactly what they thought. Some of Mr. Woodbouse's letters make one shriek with mirth. One may have so wanted to emulate their frankness, but one's courage never was equal to it. The authors hide behind initials (G. R. and E. S.), but they have thanks for some things as old as the frailties of humanity, rechauffee in a new flavored

The selfish and disagreeable sauce. The senior backelor may or may not have you sympathy, but he will certainly mak LADY GAY.

The Fellow That's Doing His Best.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold,
For the man who has fate on his side;
There are cheers for the folk that are ingling the gold
And are drifting along with the tide. But the man who is striving to get to the land
And facing the hungry wave's crest.
We quite overlook, for we don't understand
The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story gh we smile as he plods on his

Though we smile as he prous on

For his way,
For his won, self-esteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray.
And he knows the affection of home and of friends
And the pleasures of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good-will, as the twilight descends,
For the fellow that's doing his best.

-Washington "Star."



Hoarded Jewels.

Ex-Attache of the New York "Tri-bune" Tells of Stolen Jewels Sent to the East.

LMOST the only form of investment to which the Mahometans have resorted is jewels, which it is hardly necessary to point out do not yield interest, but are more easy to conceal and more portable than gold. To such an extent do the Mahometans in the Orient favor this form of investment that the major portion of the gems of importance that have been stolen in the last fifty years in the Europe and in America have been disposed of in India and other Moslem countries, where the tendency of the natives to add gems of this kind to their hoarded wealth or else to adorn therewith their favorites in the secrecy of their zenanas or harems, to which the authorities have no access, renders the authorities have no access, renders the celebrated jewels in the Old and in the New World are known to the great jewelers, and that it would be impossible. It cannot be too strongly urged that all the celebrated jewels in the Old and in the New World are known to the great jewelers, and that it would be impossible, for instance, to entrust to Tiffany in New York the setting or recutting of any celebrated gem without his experts at once recognizing it and being able to say whether or not the stone had formed part of the plunder of some jewel robbery.

It is said that every shepherd is able to recognize each single sheep of his flock. In the same way, although to the ordinary layman jewels may present an extraordinary resemblance to one another, yet they are easily distintionly the baggage, but likewise the persecution of the passengers, first as well as second and third class, were carefully a time celebrated gems. forming the provider of the

stand repartee or satire. He always gets mad at a joke on himself."
That day I net witty Sam Cox at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and told him what Dr. Hammond said about Train.
"Let's go over to Madison Square," said the witty congressman, "and get a joke on Train, and try Hammond's theory."
When we reached Madison Square, there sat Train, surrounded by a crowd of happy children eating candy and peanuts, smoothing his gray hair and pinning flowers on his coat.
"Hello, George!" said Cox, laughing. "You look hale and hearty surrounded by vour children. What makes you so strong and healthy?"
"Vegetable diet, Sam," said Train, throwing out his arms and letting the blood run into his hands. "Yes, Sam, vegetables and cereals make strength; meat, weakness. Flour and rice are one hundred per cent, food and meat twenty-seven per cent., the rest water. All strength comes from the cereals"
"Yes, George," said Sam seriously, "I believe you are right. The cereals do give strength, and meat does make weakness and—"
"Of course Of course!" interrupted

give strength, and meat does make weakness and—"
"Of course Of course!" interrupted Train, enthusiastically.
"Yes, meat makes weakness," continued Sum, "and that is why the lion and tiger are so weak—and look at the sheep and goose—they eat vegetables and no meat. That's what makes them so strong and—"
"I won't talk to an idiot!" interrupted George, turning red in the face.
When I told Dr. Hammond about our experience in getting a joke on George Francis, he slapped his trousers with the palm of his hand till the dust flew out, exclaiming:

out, exclaiming:
"Well, well, well! That is the best proof I eyer heard!" ELI PERKINS

The Spotless Ermine.

The idea that the judicial officer is supposed to be vested with ermine, though fabulous and mythical, is yet more eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called the ermine is so acutely sensitive to its own cleanliness that it becomes paralyzed and powerless at the slightest touch of defilement upon its snow-white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it, they spread with mire the pass leading to its haunts, toward which they then draw it, knowing that it will submit to be captured rather than defile itself. And a like sensibility should belong to him who comes to exercise the august functions of judge.

Those Scrupulous Red Men

The Warm Spring Indians in Orego held conscientious scruples about going in war, and returned the white man's teachings back upon him. General Howard wanted twenty-five of them to go as scouts in the Bannock war, but they were unwilling to go, and gave as a reason that they had been taught as a reason that they had been taught that it was wrong to fight. A missionary had come to teach them God's way, and if they went to this war they would have to go back and be the old Indian again, which character they had given up. These "savages" evidently didn't understand all the ins and outs of Christian civilization!

Adam's Afterthought.

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall; "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

The Ready Irishman

Speaking of repartee to George Fran-is Train, the week before he died, the ld, white-headed philosopher sat up on is bed and said:

his bed and said:

"Why, Ell, the best bit of repartee ever uttered was got off by an Irishman. They were standing under the gibbet at Newgate. One Irishman scowled at the other, and pointing up to the gibbet said:

"'Ah, Flannagan! Where would you be if the gibbet had done its duty?"

"Faith, Patrick O'Connell—an' I wid be walkin' London all alone!"

The late Sir Edwin Arnold had one The late Sir Edwin Arnold had one very painful experience as a poet, writes a correspondent. He wrote a poem and sold the copyright to a stranger, whom he too hastily assumed to be the editor of an American magazine. When he next saw his work it was being used as the advertisement of a proprietary medicament.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

London's Sporting Bishop.

Sport means more to the Bishop of London, perhaps, than to any man who breathes the air of the four-mile radius. It has helped to make him what he is, and it helps to keep him what he must always be—the hardest-working, the keenest-living and the most loving-hearted man in all the metropolis.—"C. B. Fry's Magazine."

More About Mary.

Mary had a little lamb; Its fleece was white as snow, For every morning with Truth Soap She washed him, don't you know?

Now, Mary never boiled the lamb, She merely let him soak In soap and water over night, And rinsed him when he woke.

Daguerreotype Steries.

Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of galleries. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made. "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look long enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it;

ment of their capital than jewels, in which case many long-lost gems of world-wide celebrity may be placed once more on the market, with startling developments in the way of efforts by former owners to recover their stolen property.

A Joke on Train.

George Francis laughed heartily when he told about repartee on the other man, but became furlous when the late Sam Cox once got a bit of satirical repartee on him. It occurred this way:

One morning I asked Surgeon-General Hammond in New York if Mr. Train was really insane.

"In Train's case," said Dr. Hammond, "there is really only one way to find out. If you can get a really good joke on George, and he laughs at it, really enjoys it himself, I would call him sane, but if he gets mad it will show that he has inciplent insanity. Insanity," continued the doctor, "shows itself in egotism. An insane man thinks he is the Almighty, an emperor or a president. An insane man can't

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

Famous "Dermophile" Underwear for Women and Children.

"Dermophile" is from the Greek, meaning "Friend to the skin." Nothing more need be said-further than that the underwear is very fine, soft, quite elastic and exceedingly comfortable to the wearer.

"Dermophile" Undervests for Women, pure natural wool, high neck, long or short sleeve, each \$1.25 1.50 "Dermophile" Drawers for Women, pure natural wool, knee length, open style, \$1.50 to......

"Dermophile" Drawers for Women, pure White, all wool, knee length, open style, \$1.50 to......

......

"Dermophile" Undervests for Women, pure white, high neck, long or short sleeves, \$1.35 to..... 1.65

"Dermophile" Undervests for Boys, pure natural wool, high neck, long sleeves according to size,

"Dermophile" Drawers for Boys, pure natural wool, knee length, Trousers finish according to size, "Dermophile" Undervests for Girls, white, all pure wool, high neck, long sleeves according to

size, 75c. to "Dermophile" Pantalettes for Girls, pure white, all wool, knee length, according to size, 75c to.... 1.00

If you live out of town our mail order department will give as good service as though you came to shop in person.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto.

a failure." After a longer consultation, the old gentleman said: "We must know each other better than we know ourselves." At one time, when Daniel Webster sat for a daguerreotype, the finished picture was held before him. Turning away, he said: "I am not to judge of my own looks; it is for you to judge, and you must decide whether the work is worthy of your reputation."—A. Bogardus in the "Century."

In 1871 wealth far "beyond the dreams of avarice" was tapped on the De Beers farm, near Dutoitspan, and diamonds were being picked out of the walls of a farmhouse near the since famous Bultfontein mine. The De Beers farm, even when it was known that it held a treasure of precious stenes, was sold for £6,000, and later exchanged hands for £100,000. How excellent a bargain it was even at the larger price can be told from the fact that it has since yielded nearly £5,000,000 worth of diamonds in a single year, and that its original value has been estimated at more than £100,000,000, or nearly seventeen thousand times the price originally paid for it. The homestead beneath which was the treasure house of the Kimberley In 1871 wealth far "beyond the dream

times the price originally paid for it.

The homestead beneath which was the treasure house of the Kimberley mine actually changed hands at one time for eight sovereigns, while within fifteen years the mine has produced diamonds of the value of \$22,030,000. Surely never in the history of the world was better value given for a sovereign. Even when these diamond mines got into the hands of companies vast fortunes were made by many of the lucky shareholders, seeing that the original £10 shares of the London and South African Explorations Company, which owned the Bultfontein and Dutolispan mines, were later salable at £600, representing the gratifying return of £60 for every sovereign originally invested.

£600, representing the gratifying return of £60 for every sovereign originally invested.

In spite of the marvelous harvest yielded by these South African diamond companies, it is stated that fully a fourth of the stones found never come into the companies' possession at all, but, in spite of the utnost care and the most exhaustive searching of the natives, are stolen. This leakage does not appear to be due to any want of generosity in treating the natives, for a bonus of 71-2 per cent. of the value of the stones discovered is offered to the finders.

Some of the very finest diamonds the mines have ever produced have been recovered from "boys" who have stolen them. Fifteen years ago a native working in the De Beers mine discovered a magnificent diamond, which proved too much for his honesty, for he forthwith annexed it. It was recovered, however, a few hours later by a detective and was found to be an absolutely flawless stone of rare beauty, weighing more than three ounces and measuring in its greatest length nearly two inches. leasuring in its greatest length ne

stone of more than twice this A stone of more than twice this weight was discovered a few years ago at Jagersfontein by a native, who promptly handed it over to the authorities, and was rewarded for his honesty by a present of a hundred sovereigns and a horse and cart. This superb stone, one of the largest in the world, weighed in the rough six and one-half ounces, and measured almost exactly three inches across its major axis.

axis.

The most dramatic feature of this discovery was that the stone was found on the very day on which the contract of the syndicate, whose property it became, expired.—London "Tit-Bits."

On Catering for the Public.

A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly thus feelingly describes editorial trou

thus feelingly describes editorial troubles:

Of one thing only may the editor be sure. No matter what dish be served, someone at the table will be positive that it either ought not to have been brought on at all, or that it should have been cooked differently. If the "Atlantic" has despatched a representative to Borrioboola. Gha to report upon the condition of blankets-and-top-boots in that unhappy country, some correspondent will turn up, as soon as the article is printed, to prove that he himself was the sole originator. some correspondent will turn up, as soon as the article is printed, to prove that he himself was the sole originator of the blankets-and-top-boots idea, and that the "Atlantic" has misrepresented the blessed work now going forward there. May he not have ample space in the next number to reply? Well, very likely he ought to have it. But the unlucky editor, puzzling at that moment over the problem of finding space in the issue three months hence, thinks with a sigh of M. Doucette's pension. For at those long table d'hote dinners no one was expected to care for every course; if you allowed a dish to pass or left it barely tasted, you must for that very reason talk the more agreeably with your neighbor; and if individual clamor over some unfortunate concoction reached the quick ear of M. Doucette, with what infinite ease and wit did he offer the critic the honor of planning and preparing the next meal in person—an invitation which was somehow never accepted. Besides, as M. Doucette used sometimes to hint, when flushed with his success, if one did not like the pension des violettes, there were plenty of oth-

The handiest, handsomest Clothes Cabinet yet.

The abuse of clothes while not in use spoils them as much as actual wear Hang an expensive suit in an ordinarily crowded closet on the usual hooks and

The Weir

Patent Wardrobe

the distinctive shapeliness for which the wearer perhaps paid a fancy price. Eight suits can be hung on shape-

in a week it will lose

retaining forms in the Weir Patented dust and moth-proof Clothes Wardrobe. Trousers are folded over crossbar of the coat form. Equally adaptable for men's and

women's garments.

avoids dust, pre-serves clothes' Made as cheffon

iers, plain wardrobes or combination cabi-

nets in mahogany or quartered oak, in a score of styles, from \$25.00 up. One like the illustration measures 39 in. wide, 20 in. deep and 70 in. high. Sold at the following Toronto stores:

The T. Eaton @., Limited, The Robert Simpson G., Limited, The J. F. Brown G., Limited.

Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited,

WALL-PAPERS

in beauty and art, the collection is also very varied and includes only designs of decorative merit.

The Artistic Homemakers will find that we can please their tastes, no matter how fastidious, and our stock embraces from the inexpensive to the most elaborate goods.

We shall be pleased to give estimates and make suggestions for any style of decoration for City or Country House, Church, Office or Store. Samples mailed free to any address. Hardwood floors laid and finished.

The W. J. Bolus Co. 245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

er pensions across the way, eager for patronage.

Street Car Manners.

Persons in search of a mission and desirous of uplifting society might do worse than to circulate in the form of a tract the "Post-Standard's" account of what happened on an East Side car night before last. The hero of this tale, although more or less drunk, was exceedingly gallant. The car was filled with women standing up and men sitting down, a state of things which grieved and pained him, so much so that he volunteered to cause any one of the monsters who were occupying the seats to vacate if any lady would signify what seat she wanted. Perhaps the best that can be said for this knight errant is that he meant well, but for the credit of this community the men who ride in street cars ought to take heed to the lesson which this man was trying to teach. Otherwise our street car manners will soon be about as bad as the street car manners of the New Yorkers, which are absolutely the worst things of the kind now on exhibition in the country.—Syracuse "Post-Standard."

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it?

Mr. Spriggins (meekly) — Nothing; only the button must have been on.

Inherent Depravity.

misery of which they are the heritage, they would not be content. They would yearn for the doorsteps and the gutter, the street fight and the daily round of sordid happenings. The island would be a prison-house.—"Madame."

Modest Ambition of Confucius. Confucius was expounding his doc-

"We suppose," they said, "you expect your beliefs to fill the world?"
"Oh, no," replied the philosopher, modestly, "I only expect it to fill a few Chinks."

Herein we see the true greatness of the man. the man.

Their Emblem.

"Odd golf club over at Sewhacket."
"How so?"
"Why, the members went to workand laid out three links."
"Maybe they're Odd Fellows."
"Judge."

Can Oarsmen Swim?

We do not consider that sufficient care is taken by rowing clubs to assure that new men shall be capable of saving themselves in the event of accident. Although it would be cruel to suggest that rowing novices should add to their pleasures by being taken into mid-stream and thrown in, a bath test at least should be insisted upon.—"Thames."

Inherent Depravity.

If we could take heroic measures and spirit the worst people away to some far-off verdant islands, the men to one, the women to another, and feed, clothe and keep them till they came to an end, and with them the long centuries of the country of the countr

frank Yes, b amusin frankly Terry pieces, lamp-c light";

approa of adv. tic pro ad. wr ciety": I will for an ous add Whet ture oo shall uter the fashiouthe Giwhom missiv femini paper, tion: Dear favor feel frithe gentrar eight Wear

anyon

As every been just is aware semble stage ter, be Girl wand had n Say which rank catlor time true Dyers "16. m

MASON AND RISCH



AN UNCOMPROMISING IDEAL.

HE first piano we made which came near enough to our ideal to offer to the musicians of the world was sold in 1875. It was the result of years of striving, reaching out for something better, greater, grander than had ever been done before.

We had a few little successes that cheered us on in our work—many failures that seemed to suggest that our ideal was too high to reach—but at last the new thought came and with it was born the Mason and Risch Piano—the piano with a soul. It was the work of heart as well as head and hand and to this day the same feeling exists in our

hand and to this day the same feeling exists in our factories with its so many times multiplied workers. From the newest boy sweeping the floor to our oldest employee, who has been with us over a quarter century and knows of those days when our ideal seemed a Will-o'-the-Wisp—every one has his heart in his work and gives the best that is in him.

Our reward has come and it seems greatest when, over the heads of an appreciative audience, we hear that sustained tone, the essential essence of harmony, ring forth from a Mason and Risch Piano at the command of a master's hand. The years have not dimmed the joy that leapt into life when we first heard it.

Every little while we will tell you in these columns some of the qualities possessed by the Mason and Risch Pianos and of the care each detail receives from the time the wood leaves the forest until the finished instrument holds you entranced with its harmony.

with its harmony.

Our special easy-payment plan makes it possible to purchase a Mason and Risch Piano without feeling its cost. We will give you a liberal allowance on your old piano. If you are interested write for our illustrated catalogue. We will ship Mason and Risch Pianos anywhere in Canada.

MASON AND RISCH

The Piano with a Soul.

Mason and Risch Piano Company, Limited, Toronto Toronto Warerooms-32 King Street West

Features at "Automobile Corner."

We have on view in our New Show Rooms and Garage, at the corner of Bay and Temperance, a splendid assortment of Automobiles, as good as new. Here are two

Four Gasoline Runabouts, of good power, with detachable front seat; machinery, tires and work in good condition.... \$600 to \$675

Three Medium-sized Tour-Ing Care, with detachable tonneaus; est new; good power and splendidly cointed and finished, \$1,000 to



See the new Auto-cars and Stevens - Duryea. Write for new catalogue.

"Automobile Corner" Canada Cycle & Motor G., Limited COR. BAY and TEMPERANCE TREETS, :: : TORONTO.

SECENTIAL SECTION OF THE SECENTIAL SECTION OF THE S

Funny Advertising.

vertising of the lighter side of this later of the lighter side of this later arts.

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the imperfect." of the imperfect."

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughteriess and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light"; or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad. writer play the wall-flower in society"; and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements.

When I turn advertiser, I shall venture of the second of the second

for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements.

When I turn advertiser, I shall venture on nothing but self-repeaters. I shall uniformly advertise my deans after that perilous but remunerative fashion; indeed, I shall even emulate the Girl with the Auburn Hair, from whom I one day received a very pretty missive, which, written in a delicate feminine hand, on irreproachable notepaper, thus tactfully invited consideration:

Dear Mr. Hartt—As I never asked a

paper, thus tactfully invited consideration:

Dear Mr. Hartt—As I never asked a favor of you before in all my life, I feel free to ask one now. Please have the goodness to meet me at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theater at eight o'clock any evening next week. Wear a pink carnation in your buttonhole, so I shall know you. Don't tell anyone except your wife and family. Sincerely yours,

The Girl with the Auburn Hair.

As every man in town, or at least every man in town, or at least every man in the address book, had been honored with a similar brochure, just imagine the hubbub! I am not aware that innumerable multitudes assembled, carnation-bedecked, at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theater, but I have it for truth that the Girl with the Auburn Hair sang to vast and highly expectant audiences. She had made every man of us her herald. Girl with the Auburn Hair sang to vast and highly expectant audiences. She thad made every man of us her herald. Says Dickens: "The advertisements which appear in a public journal take rank among the most significant indications of the state of society of that time and place." Which is literally true of this singular brochure in the Dyersburg, Tennessee, "Gazette:"

"Lost—A House. On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling-house, thirteen miles

Funny Advertising.

In an article on "The Humors of Advertising" Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt tells of the lighter side of this latest of the arts.

"Humor." says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughterless and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pleces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light"; or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad, writer play the wall-flower in so-awiter play the wa above Caruthersville, was washed from

She Remarked on His Sutte



There was a cow-puncher in Butte,
Who immediately started to shutte,
When a girl who was brave,
Said, "Your pants need a shave,
Otherwise you'd look awfully cutte!"
—"Life."

No Trouble

A Cambridge bedmaker once told a certain don for whom she worked that he was very kind to her, and that she was very grateful. The don looked pleased.

His Excellency the Governor-General will attend the races and see the King's Plate run. His Excellency will be the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor during his stay in town.

I hear of the engagement of a young bank official and a very pretty gol-den-halred girl on the east side.

Miss Sims, a Dublin girl, is visiting Mrs. Osler at Craigleigh. Her futur, Mr. Jack Osler, who has quit military life, and is going out West, I hear, returned recently from England. It does not seem to me that any of the Oslers would enjoy the monotony of life in quarters, with nothing doing in the fighting line, which was what Mr. Jack's regiment has had for a long time, and the great West land needs the sort of man who wants action and plenty of it to fill his life.

Miss Darling of Ravensmount has returned from a pleasant visit in Ot-

The usual fortnightly reception was held at Government House on Thursday afternoon. A fair day and the assurance of a pleasant hour brought out many callers, beside those having "duty" calls, or visites de digestion to pay to the generous hostess.

Mrs. and Miss Sankey are spending some time in Chicago, but will be back for the races.

The opening number of the evening's performance at St. James' School-house was a minuet, which I hear was very gracefully done, but regret that I was a bit late and missed seeing it

Mrs. Douglas Cameron and her baby boy are visiting Mr. Irving Cameron, 307 Sherbourne street. I hear Mrs. Cam-eron will be in town for some weeks.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Maughan and Miss Gertrude Rymal will take place next Thursday.

Mrs. Folingsby and her sister, Mrs. Driffield, sailed last Saturday from Boston for England. During Mrs. Folingsby's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Skey will occupy her house in Spadina road.

For the second time Miss Bertha Mackenzie of Benvenuto has had the misfortune to break an arm. A similar accident laid her up a few years ago at her home. This time the contretemps occurred in Winnipeg, where she is visiting Mrs. Scott Griffin, her eldest sister. I am glad to hear that the fracture is not a very serious one. It was a horseback accident. Talking of such things reminds me that one of our most consummate riders had a narrow escape recently. Major Forester's horse fell with him, and dragged the rider some distance by the stirrup until his riding boot came off and he was saved from either death or serious injury. Major Forester has often counselled his friends of the fair sex to wear the sort of riding boot that will slip from the foot under such circumstances, and has had a decidedly convincing experience of the wisdom of his counsels. Several ugly stitches on the top of his head showed up whenever he lifted his hat in salute to his friends at the Horse Show. However, he is hard killing, and has one more escape to record.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lukes sailed for England last Saturday on the s.s. "Re-public,"

Mrs. Derwyn Owen, formerly Norah Jellett, will receive at Mrs. Jellett's home, 31 Grosvenor street, on next Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. Donald of Arkroath, Center Island, will receive on Saturdays during the summer.

The death of Mrs. Morgan, wife of Judge Morgan of Lowther avenue, was a sad and rather sudden grief to her family. Miss Minnie (Hope) Morgan, who was to sing for Queen Alexandra, and a younger sister, were in England, and to them and to Miss Vera Morgan and the bereaved judge much sympathy is everywhere expressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Marshall are at Balmy Beach for the summer.

The engagement of Miss Louise Knowles Colling, daughter of Rev. J. S. Colling of Brunswick avenue, and Mr. Herbert H. Bowman, is announced.

The Daughters of the Empire had an all-day session for their annual meeting at McConkey's on Wednesday. The president, Mrs. Nordhelmer of Glenedyth, entertained the visiting delegates at luncheon at the cafe. The guests were: Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Van Allan and Mrs. Morgan of Hamilton, Mrs. Ernest Smith of London, Mrs. Gordon Smith, Mrs. Sinclair of Paris, Mrs. Telfer, Mrs. Knight of Galt, Mrs. Goldie, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. J. C. Dietrich of Guelph, Miss Sibbald of Sutton, Mrs. Nasmythe, Miss Clement and Miss Ball of Woodstock.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Kings-

The marriage of Miss Jessie Kingsmill to Mr. Charles Worsley will take place on Wednesday, June 8th.

Mrs. James Arthur Ritchie (nee Stewart) will hold her post-nuptial recep-tions next Monday and Tuesday after-noons at the residence of her mother, 54 Collier street.

The marriage of Mr. John Henry Moss, son of the late Chief Justice Thomas Moss, to Miss Florence Ethelwyn Marshall, daughter of Mr. William N. Marshall of Kansas City, whose engagement was announced about a fortnight ago, will take place on Monday, the 23rd, at St. Thomas' Church, at 2.30 o'clock. A reception will be held afterwards at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Morang of St. George street.

Mrs. C. Pierson has taken "Oldfield," 310 Lake front, Center Island, and will be prepared to receive guests the first of June. Apply 269 Jarvis street, Phone Main 3303.

Diary of a Mormon.

Monday—I am feeling very tired to day. I came home late last night, and was met at the head of the stairs by the entire outfit. This was a case of where there was only one listener, and the lecture was given by the audience. Oh. my!

Tuesday—I wired East to-day for another carload of cribs. Hope they will get here soon and relieve the pres-

Served with a silver spoon

A new Canadian process, preserves the very best elements of the very best Canadian wheat.

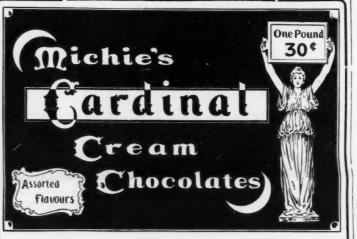
The result is Orange Meat —the essence of a perfect, sustaining food.

It requires no cookingevery particle is perfectly digestible. It is supplied in germ-proof packages, and may be served hot or cold.



Each 15c. package contains a coupon. Your grocer will tell you what they mean—heavy silver-plated table service free—made by the same manufacturer, of the same material and in the same manner as the silverware on most of your tables now.

THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Limited, 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO



Sold only in bright Cardinal boxes of registered design, with the original purity of every piece protected by a wrapper.

Michie & Co., 7 King St. West

Spring Cleaning.

Dwellings Cleaned by Compressed Air. Our system is absolutely DUSTLESS.

Carpets cleaned without removal. . . .

Tapestry and silk walls cleaned, billiard tables, pianos and upholstered furniture cleaned. . . .

PHONE 1413

59 and 61 Victoria St.

HEADACHE

AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, 10c and 25c. All dealers or direct from AUSTIN & Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not

UNITARIAN CHURCH Jarvis St., above Wilton Ave.

Sunday morning service at eleven o'clock. Preaching by the minister, REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, "CHURCH UNION."

sure. I heard this morning that four-teen kids had begun to cut their teeth.

teen kids had begun to cut their teeth. More trouble!
Wednesday—Croup! And only two gallons of ipecac left in town! Well, it might be worse.
Thursday—It is worse. Five new arrivals last night. Doctors report all doing well. Great Zedediah! I never wake up in the morning that I don't wonder how many more I'll be in the evening.

wonder how many more I'll be in the evening.
Friday—To-day my nurses struck!
Came forward in a body and demanded eight hours a night. As if I could guarantee them anything in the present state of affairs!
Saturday—Spring openings! To-day five of my better sixteenths stole away from me while I was snatching some much-needed rest and went shopping. I see my finish!—"Life."

SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK MAY 9 Evgs. 25, 5 Mats. 25

The Georgia Magne Annie Abbott

> ROONEY & FRANCIS WM. H. WINDOM

ROMANI TRIO BEAN & HAMILTON

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

THE KINETOGRAPH

Foy & Clark Presenting "The Old Curiosity Shop."

CARNAHAN'S Sodas and Ices are all right. Don't forget "Ideal"-"Violet Ideal,"

'Sen Leur," etc., etc. W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN, Druggists, etc. Carlton and Church, - TORONTO.

ART POTTERY



WILLIAM JUNOR 88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO



Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners

719 Yonge St., Toronto

Geo. S. McConkey's RESTAURANT

Fish Meals

Lunches and Dinners are again served in first class style at

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS SUNNYSIDE

New Goods and New Models

'Phone Parkdale 905.

In Costuming and Millinery & & & & & at 406 and 408 Yonge Street Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander

Beautiful -PINCE-NEZ At Potter's

We are making up day by day singularly beautiful Pince-Nez and Spectacles—high-grade in quality accurate in lenses-comfortable in fit. And for unusual or prescription glasses we do not, as in the past, send to New York or other large centers; but, with the aid of our newly-installed machinery, we can produce them on short notice.

Chas. Potter

OPTICIAN 85 YONGE STREET



HE Schumann Chamber Music Society gave a very enjoyable soirce musicale on Tuesday evening in the hall of the Conservatory of Music, before a select gathering of lovers of classical music. The programme, which consisted of the Haydn trio, No. 1, in G major, the Rubinstein trio in B flat, and the Schumann plano quartette, on 47, in E flat, was played by Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, piano; Frank Blachford, violin; Heinrich Klingenfeld, viola, and H. S. Saunders, violoncello. The Schumann quartette may be assigned the place of honor as the most important composition, and it was given a clear and brilliant rendering, more particularly with regard to the first movement. The Haydn trio, a charming but old-fashioned piece, was admirably performed. The Gypsy Presto, which was executed with great dash and neatness, aroused the audience to enthusiasm. Compared with modern style, the construction of Haydn's trios is very primitive, the violoncello for the most part merely duplicating the style, the construction of Haydn's trios is very primitive, the violoncello for the most part merely duplicating the bass of the plano. The Rubinstein work proved to be interesting and learned music, and was finely rendered. Mr. Tripp showed excellent form at the plano, his share of the ensemble being technically polished and musicianlike in conception, and revealing many refinements of touch and phrasing. Mr. Blachford made a steady leader, and in the slow and expressive movements sang his part with a sympathetic, sweet tone. The recital closed this season's meetings of the society. on's meetings of the society.

Here is an idea that might be adopt-Here is an idea that might be adopted next season by local concert-givers. The popular English comic opera singer, Mr. Haydn Coffin, at a recent musical afternoon in London, distributed tea and cakes gratis among the audience. "Truth," in noting the fact, says that there is nothing new in the practice. In the first half of the last century it was the custom to provide light refreshment, negus, wine cup and ices for all attending afternoon concerts. Spohr, in his autobiography, has an amusing growl as to the cost of an amusing growl as to the cost of this refection. But if the free lunch idea could only be thoroughly carried out now, afternoon recitals might be-come a good deal better attended (by the free list) than they actually are.

Von Moltke, according to his recenty published correspondence, had a passion for music, but he was a discriminating admirer. He preferred the violin to all other instruments. Mozart and Beethoven were his special favorites among composers; then came Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann. He could not be got to listen to Brahms; the early Wagner he did not repulse, but of the Nibelungen he cared only for some parts of "Walkure." The "Meistersinger" drove him out of himself. "I prefer the Reichstag," he once said; "there, at least, one can apply the closure."

this field. To Dr. Anger those who whise field supposed and enjoyable entertainment, the result of which must have been gratifying in no small degree to their experienced and pains are supposed and enjoyable entertainment, the result of which must have been gratifying in no small degree to their experienced and pains are supposed to sang their own compositions. Miss Ethel Malcolm pleased the audience very much with a complet of paint by the same composed and played by Miss Edas Flett, other plano numbers were a marching the sunder composer was sung by Miss Edas Flett, other plano numbers were a marching to the accordance of the second of the complexity of the policy of the sunder the were present are indebted for providng a really novel and enjoyable enterlainment, the result of which must
have been gratifying in no small degree to their experienced and painslaking instructor. The composers in
many cases played or sang their own
compositions. Miss Ethel Malcolm
cleased the audience very much with
a couple of piano numbers played by
herself. A ballad by the same composer was sung by Miss Elda Flett.
Other piano numbers were a march in
A, composed and played by Master

Broder, who initiated the idea, helped to carry the work through.

On Monday evening, at the Toronto College of Music, an attractive piano and organ recital was given by Mr. Charles Eggett, who ably demonstrated his ability as pianist and organist. The first part of the programme was devoted to the pianoforte selections, which embraced Chopin, "Etudes," Nos. 7 and 3, and "Fantasie Impromptu," C sharp minor; Schumann, "Warum" and "Aufschwung"; Brassin, "Nocturne" in G flat; Beethoven, "Sonata" (Appassionata) first movement, and Moszkowski, Concerto in E major (with orchestral accompaniment, played on second piano by Dr. Torrington). In these numbers Mr. Eggett revealed a well-developed technique and musical feeling. The organ numbers—Smart, "Overture" in B flat; Guilmant, "Grand Chorus" in D, op. 13; E. d'Evry, "Meditation" and "Toccata"; Bach, "Toccata and Fugue," and Guilmant, "Finale" in E flat—gave Mr. Eggett ample opportunity to display his skill, and it is safe to say that the requirements of the various compositions were ably met. Vocal assistance was given by Mrs. Cleland Armstrong, the possessor of a rich soprano voice of sympathetic quality. Her solos were "The Enchantress" (Hatton), "Like to a Damask Rose" (Elgar), and "More Regal In His Low Estate" (Gounod). Mr. F. C. Smith, violinist, contributed "Canzonetta" (Ambrosia) and Handel's "Largo," with organ accompaniment by Mr. Eggett. These numbers were given with artistic effect, and were highly appreciated.

art and Beethoven were his special favorites among composers; then came Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann. He could not be got to listen to Brahms; the early Wagner he did not repulse, but of the Nibelungen he cared only for some parts of "Walkure." The "Meistersinger" drove him out of himself. "I prefer the Reichstag," he once said; "there at least, one can apply the closure."

A recital consisting entirely of original compositions by local music students is an event so unique in Toronto musical annals as to almost mark a new era in the development of native talent. This fact doubtless accounted for the very large attendance at the Conservatory Music Hail on Monday evening last, when dozens of enthusiasts were glad to get even standing room within the hail during the entire by students in composition of Dr. Humfrey Anger, who have no reason to be ashamed of their early efforts in this field. To Dr. Anger those who were present are indebted for providing a really novel and enjoyable enterstainment, the result of which must On Friday and Saturday evenings of ences, although the weather was decidedly unfavorable on both evenings.

kitchen. Sir Arthur, who did not pre-tend to be a great pianist, delighted to tell the tale against himself.

The New York "Sun" pokes fun at Richard Strauss's latest symphony, "The Domestic," as follows: "The composer would not tell the critics beforehand what it meant. He would not even tell the official writer of the programme notes for concerts. He left everyone in the dark, and consequently there was much wise and portentous comment. Even now no one knows all romment. Even now no one knows all that is contained in that extraordinary that is contained in that extraordinary discomposition. Papa, mamma and the baby, these three, these are the actors in this instrumental drama of a domicile. The rest you may guess or imagine. It was heard by a great audience, and it was scored for everything in sight.

"Four hundred trumpets sounded A peal of warlike glee, As that great host, with measured tread,

As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three,
Papa, Mamma, and the Baby.

"Dr. Strauss went home the other day. Let us hope he will return. Like Bun-thorne, there is more fun in him than the casual spectator would imagine."

Pupils of Dr. Torrington were heard in recital at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening last week. A representative programme of plano, yocal and organ music was presented, and showed to advantage the talent of vocal and organ music was presented, and showed to advantage the talent of each performer. The pianists who appeared were Eveline Sloan, Ethel Armstrong, Kathleen LeRoy, Gertrude Anderson, Annie Ivory, all of whom displayed clearness of technique and good taste throughout a programme comprising selections by Henselt, Prudent, Mohr, Schubert, Moszkowski and Chopin. Vocal solos of merit were given by three very promising students, who reflected much credit upon their instructor by the artistic rendering of their respective numbers—Adams, "The Valley By the Sea," Nellie Aston; Haydn, "On Mighty Pens" ("Creation"), Ethel M. Robinson; Mascheroni, Horgan numbers: "Finale" (Hollins), Vida E. Broughton, and "Sonata," No. 1 (Guilmant), W. R. Brown, were given in creditable style that proved the ability of the performers.

Pupils of Dr. Torrington gave a recital at the College of Music last Saturday afternoon. Those who took pert were: Plano—Kathleen LeRoy, Evelyn Sloan, Annie Ivory, Elizabeth Westlake, Eveline Ashworth, Dolly Blair and Charles Eggett: vocal—Margaret Casey, Katherine Ellis, Nellie Aston, Maurice Vanderwater and O. B. Dorland

The dates of the Toronto Conservaannounced as June 14 to 17, both inclusive.

The Kirk session and the organist of St. Andrew's Church, King street, may be congratulated on their new policy of amplifying the musical services. A fuller and choicer selection of music will not only prove more attractive to the congregation, but will give the members of the choir added interest in their work. The experiment is to be made of holding special musical services on the first Sunday of every month, and the first essay in this direction was made with great success last Sabbath evening. There was a full attendance of the choir, about fifty singers putting in an appearance, and a very choice programme was offered. Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, "I waited for the Lord," with chorus, was admirably sung, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Douglas being the soloists. Rossin's "Inflammatus" from the "Stabat Mater," Mrs. Parker as soloist, and Shelev's "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" and Lessile's "Pilgrims" were also notable numbers. In the "Inflammatus" ey's "The King of Love My Shepherd s' and Lesslie's "Pilgrims" were also notable numbers. In the "Inflammatus" Mrs. Parker sang with considerable power and also with nicety of execution. The chain of shakes was neaty executed, and the high C in the climax rang out with brilliancy and truth of intonation. The chorus have rarely shown to better advantage. Their unaccompanied work was very mellow and evenly blended, while in the fortes of the accompanied music they sang with much spirit and abandon. Dr. Norman Anderson, the organist and cholrmaster, may be expected to de-

welcome as ever as accompanist.

Evidently the cult of the guitar, mandolin and banjo is still flourishing, judging by the concert on Tuesday evening in Association Hall of the Toronto College of Music and University of Toronto combined clubs, under the direction of Mr. George F. Smedley. Not only was the auditorium thronged by a very large gathering, but on the platform were about forty young women, with a scattering of a few males, who during the evening proved themselves to be effective performers on the instruments mentioned. They played together in good time and tune, and with excellent metrical accent. Mr. Smedley himself gave several solos with his well-known ability, and although he was once disconcerted by the snapping of a string, he won his accustomed triumph. Variety was given to the programme by the assistance of Miss Teresa Flanigan, soprano; Mrs. Oliphant, contraito: Mr. Donald MacGregor, baritone; Miss Marietta Labell, reader, and Mr. J. H. Cameron, entertainer, all of whom added to their long list of popular triumphs. Mr. Fred Weaver accompanied with much acceptance. a well-trained quartetie.

Miss Abble May Helmer's third and last piano recital for this season will be given in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday evening, May 17. Her numbers will include Lisat's B minor sonata, "Will o' the Wisp." Etude in D flat, "Funerailles," Sonnet in A flat, "Venezia e Napoli," and the Hungarian Fantasie. As it is Miss Helmer's intention to go abroad next autumn, where she hopes to play in several foreign cities before her return, no doubt a large audience of students and lovers of plano-playing generally will be present. Tickets can be procured at the music stores, at Messrs. Heintzman & Co.'s, and from Miss Helmer's teacher, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, at his studio. Nordheimer's, Miss Grace Lillian Carter will assist by singing several songs.

A Calgary, N.W.T., correspondent writes: A performance of Coleridge

with an enthusiastic audience, when Mr. Rechab Tandy gave his closing recital for this year. The programme was well chosen and well performed, each pupil illustrating Mr. Tandy's method of good tone production and articulation. Those who sang were Miss Julia Benson, Miss Nellie F. Guess, Miss Flossie Snell, Miss Mayzie Jackson, Miss Hattie Mae Austin and Miss Elda Flett, Messrs. C. Tandy, Chapman, Crawford Butler. Charles J. Wallace, Bertram Beer, W. Millard McCammon, Ralph Douglas, Charles E. Clarke, and also the teacher, who sang several numbers in a masterly style. Mr. W. Hastings Hungerford, pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, did efficient work at the organ, while Miss Louise Tandy, assisted by Miss Elda Flett, played the accompaniments with taste and judgment.

Miss Helen K. Ferguson, a talented upil of Mrs. Ryan Burke, provided a pupil of Mrs. Ryan Burke, provided a charming musical evening on Friday, April 29, at the Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Ferguson sang numbers by Grieg. Brahms, Tschalkowski, Coleridge-Taylor, Elgar and A. Thomas with appreciative discrimination between the different styles, with much beauty of vocal tone and a finish of phrasing and a contrasted color that spoke well for the training she has received. Miss Quehen, the accomplished piano pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, contributed Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," Chopin's Ballade in G minor, and other numbers with brilliant technique of touch and execution. CHERUBINO.

The Commons' Egg-Boiler

In the British House of Commons, as soon as the question to be decided is put from the chair, a clerk at the table sets in motion a huge sand-glass, familiarly known to members as the "egg-boller," probably because it takes three minutes to run out. As the last sand runs through the glass the serthree minutes to run out. As the last rand runs through the glass the sergeant-at-arms instantly locks the massive oak doors of the chamber, and only those members who have succeeded in getting through the doorway can water.

A Bridegroom's Trepidation.

clergyman tells a story about a n he once married to his fourth e. The wedding was to take place a private house, and while waiting the clock to strike the hour the in a private house, and while waiting for the clock to strike the hour the much-married bridegroom and the minister were together in an upper chamber. The former nervously paced the floor, until suddenly he paused, visibly brightened. "Say," he said, "I dunno why I should feel so darned shaky. It's just dumb foolishness, I guess. I've always had real good luck gettin' wives—mine have all been good cones."

1886. PRESIDENT OF MUSIC

EXAMINATIONS, June 14th to 17th

SCHOOL of LITERATURE and EXPRESSION Calendars Mailed on Application

MR. RECHAB TANDY TENOR

Teacher of Artistic Singing. Studio-Conservatory of Music,

W. Y. ARCHIBALD BARITONE SOLOIST

Conductor of the University of Toronto Glee Club. Open for ergagements in Oratorio Concerts, Etc. Anvanced pupils accepted. Studio-Nordheimers',



ARTHUR BLIGHT TEACHER OF ADVANCED SINGING

STUDIO – Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East. 'Phone Main 4669 RESIDENCE—658 Euclid Ave 'Phone Park 922.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK SINGING MASTER Rooms 5-8, Nordheimer's, 15 King Street

NATURAL VOICE CULTURE **EDWARD BARTON**

CONCERT BARITONE STUDIO-681 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO

GEORGE FOX SOLO VIOLINIST For terms, etc. address J. W. Baumann

Room 3, Nordheimer's, Toronto.

MR. G. D. ATKINSON
Teacher of Organ and Plano Playing.
Organist and Choirmaster Wesley Church.
Studio—Room 19, 2 College St. 118 Harbord St.

TRIPP THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST Studio for lessons— Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. F. PICKARD TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN Room 19, Bank of Commerce Building, t or. Yorge and College Streets, Fridays—1 to 3 p. m. Residence—305 Huron Street.

BERENICE PARKER M.E.L. **ELOCUTIONIST**

PLATO COLLEGE OF A IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

EXAMINATIONS Applications and Syllabus obtained from Registr

MRS. W. J. OBERNIER CONTRALTO

Certificated pupil of William Shakespeare, London England. PUPILS RECEIVED—Breathing, Voic Building, Artistic Singing. For terms apply— Toronto College of Music, or 14 Catherine Street.

Miss Mary Hewitt Smart VOICE CULTURE

Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto. Studio-Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

FRANK C. SMITH TEACHER OF VIOEIN and PIANO Studio-Toronto College of Music, or William 143 Yonge Street.

J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall. 21 Umbar Road, Rosedale. SEBASTIAN H. BURNETT

Voice Breathing, Lieder and Diction Studio-60 Grenville Street, or Toronto Colege of Music.

LORA NEWMAN PIANO VIRTUOSO

Pupil of the world-renowned Leschetizky. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and a limited number of advanced pupils accepted. For dates and terms, address Nordheimer's, King St., or 278 Jarvis St.

J. F. JOHNSTONE, C.M. PIANO, SINGING, THEORY, HARMONY, etc

Room 5, 269 Coll ge Street, Toronto. NORA KATHLEEN JACKSON VOICE SPECIALIST

Pupil of Frau Elizabeth Grosser (Zurich), W. E. Haslam, Esq. and Dr. Ham. "Scored an unqualified success." — Mail and Empire Studios — Castle Frank Road, Rosedale, and Nordheimer's.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O. Organist and Choirmaster of All Saint's Church PIANO. OFGAN, THEORY Address-1 NORTH SHERBOURNE STREET, O

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC W. O. FORSYTH PIANIST and Teacher of the Higher Art of Plano-Playing, Harmony, etc.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Plane
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Presbyterian Ladies' College and Upper Canada
College.

Address-496 Spadina Ave FRANK S. WELSMAN

PIANO VIRTUOSO TEACHER OF ADVANCED PIANO-PLAYING

Studio at Mason & Risch, or Toronto College of Music. Residence—12 Madison Avenue.

H. KLINGENFELD SOLO VIOLINIST

306 Jarvis Street. or Conservatory of Music.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandelin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of 'Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs.
Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytume, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

A. T. CRINGAN, Mrs. Bac. Careful attention given to tone placing and development.

Studic -Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence- 633 Church St., Toronto.

Chrystal Brown
Oratorio and Concert Tenor

Soloist Central Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. Now booking engagements in Canada. Address-ERIE, Pa.

MRS. RYAN-BURKE VOICE CULTURE

Vocal Directress at Laretto Abbey. -Toronto Conservatory of Music.

DAVID ROSS BARITONE TEACHER OF ADVANCED SINGING

udio-32 King Street West. Residence-93 Howland Ave

MR. A. S. VOGT Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Plane Playing. Address - - - Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER

Address-

168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music. MRS. J. W. BRADLEY

Directress and Leader of Berkeley Street Methodist Church Choir, Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto and Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED JURY
TEACHERS OF SINGING
Tone placement and development of voice according
to scientific principles, a specialty.
Studio—58Alexander Street.

Whaley, Royce & Co.

Everything in Sheet Music

AND Musical Instrumerts collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS. CELLOS, etc., is THE LARGEST AND BLST ever imported into Canada. Inspection INSTRUMENTS ALLOWED ON TRIAL.

158 YONGE STREET - - TORONTO

Fine Violins

Values in Write for new Catalogue (free) containing list of roted violin makers, photo engrav-ings of celebrated artists, as d photographic reproductions of Fine Violins, ranging in price from \$40.00 ts \$5,000 00.

Special violins sent on seven days' examination. Monthly payments arranged. Formal certificates of genuineress with each instrument.

. J. MCAVAY

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Limited 143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Teacher of Singing Studio- 146 Ossington Avenue

MR. H. M. FIELD PIANIST

28 Floss Platz, LEIPZIG

ADRA LUTON, Concert Soprano A limited number of pupils received. Now booking ngagements for Concerts, At Homes, Musicales, tc. Write for circular. For terms and dates apply b Woodstock, Qnt.

Torento Junction College of Music. MISS VIA MACMILLAN,

SUMMER TERM NOW OPEN.

THE MODEL SCHOOL of MUSIC 93 BEVERLEY STREET

Vocal, Violin, Plano. Theory, Expression and Physical Culture. Meyers Music Method for beginners. Thoroughly competent staff and high standard work in all departments. For particulars call or write.

EDUCATIONAL,

TORONTO SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AND EXPRESSION SIMPSON HALL 734 YONGE ST.

CURATIVE EXERCISES under Medical Supervision. Private class or personal attention

The Misses Sternberg PHYSICAL CULTURE AND DANCING St. George's Hall Society Dancing, Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge Street, Saturdays, 8 p.m.

ART.

W. L. FORSTER
Studio will reopen June 1st.
Studio—2i King Street Weet

Wood Carving Studio JOHN I. RIDPATH

Classes and Private Lessons.
Room 40, Yonge Street Arcade.

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND Public Accountant and Auditor en Building, Terente Room 210. 'Phone-Main 130

RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.

CANADIAN AY BUSINESS HEALTH .. PLEASURE

If you are contemplating a trip, East or West, North or South, to the Atlantic Seaside or the Pacific Coast, to any quarter of the Globe, it will pay you to favorably consider the advantages offered by the most unique railway system in the world.

Business.—It passes through, or has coess to, every City and important Town in the Dominion of Canada. Health .-- Some of the most renowned

health resorts and mineral springs are situ-ated on its lines; with its connections all others are reached. **Pleasure.**—No grander scenery can e found along the line of any railway.

A H. NOTMAN, Assistant General Pasenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toron o.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM IT IS NOW OPEN The Great World's Fair

AT ST. LOUIS tickets are on sale daily from Tor

\$19.20 Good 15 days \$25.60 Good 30 days

\$30.75 Good for season

With stop over privileges at any intermediate Cana-cian station, also at Detroit and Chicago.

To see the Fair while everything is fresh and ex-hibits are at their best, the months of May and June will he the time.

For tickets, illustrated literature regarding World's Fair, and further information apply to J. W. Ryder, C.P. & T.A., corner King and Yonge Streets ('Phone Main 4209). 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

J. D. McDonalis, District Passenger Agent, Toront

(Fr

arrive been

here financ

count but s mean

Canadinto at the

Mack

some merc

and the f

conv But —sin to-de vincie the conjuction of the



URING the half century that we have made pianos, art ideals have been uppermost in all the sentiment that has guided our handiwork, and our product to-day demonstrates more forcibly than at any other time that in the

Heintzman & Co.

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co)

pure art is fundamental. The world's great artists bear testimony to this fact in making this piano their invariable choice at all great functions and musical occasions.

> -Used exclusively in Royal Car by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Piano Salon, 115-117 King Street West,



New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

weeks. "Merely Mary Ann," by Zangwill, in which Miss Eleanor Robson has played so successfully; "The Secret of Polichinelle," the French comedy by Woiffe, and David Belasco's sumptuously-mounted production of his own play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," adapted from the Bath comedy, wherein Henrietta Crossman has made such a popular hit, have all survived the theatrical season and are only to be withdrawn through lapse of time. Of each of these I wrote early in the season. In "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," the character of the historic Widow Bellairs, darling of the Inniskillen boys, is revived, and in the hands of Miss Crossman we have a delightful bit of comedy that is wholesome, contagious and persistently Irish. The accent may be a little "off" at times, and an English atmosphere is next to impossible, we know, on the American stage, but there are some capital situations (From Our Special Correspondent.)

The Toronto fire excited a good and a power of the search of the

his genius works within well-defined spiritual limitations, but in the quality of his art as such and his mental vision of the requirements of stage technique of the requirements of stage technique there can be no manner of question to the place he holds in public esteem. And a sharply-outlined enaracter such as this of Russia's terrible Czar of the sixteenth century is precisely what the scope of Mr. Mansfield's art enables that the control of the sixteenth century is precisely what the scope of Mr. Mansfield's art enables that the part is another matter, hough one instinctively compares this with the latter's characterization of Louis XI. There is a striking family like less between the two parts, but no manner of resemblance in their treatment. Mr. Mansfield's make-up and mimique of the character of the cruel despot, with the imbecility of age creeping over every feature and lineaeeping over every teature and linea ent, is vivid and wonderful. We se

cruel despot, with the imbecility of age creeping over every reature and lineament, is vivid and wonderful. We see the imperial stature shrunken in upon fiseif, the beard dwindled away to a few stragging white hairs, the hand trembling with paisy, and the voice, except in moments of passionate outburst, is merely a semile quaver or toothiess mumble. Add to this the abject image of a conscience overtaken by craven fear and remorse, seeking escape in pious exercises, and you have in part a mental picture of "Ivan the Terrible." There are splendid moments of acting, too, and every scene is elaborately mounted and staged.

The annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists closes to-day. This year's exhibit, we are told, has been quite up to the standard of former years, both in pictures offered and in public patronage of the view. Sargent's group of the "adisses Hunter" has, of course, been the piece de resistance and chief attraction of the exhibit. This picture had already aroused such favorable comment elsewhere that its public appearance in New York was awaited with every interest. Three young Englishwomen, sisters, representing high middle-class life, comprise the group, and these are arranged naturally and easily in an ordinary drawing-room. There is a nice, restful atmosphere of good breeding, repose, and the accompaniments of assured social position and ease. It is a particular pleasure to see the painter's treatment of this composed Old World type, instead of that nervous, aggressive type of modern we know so well. Sargent's art is strenuous enough without the strenuous subject.

Items of interest to Torontonians were the exhibits of two of your former artists, Miss Muntz and Miss Carlyle. Both these artists' work excited favorable comment, and one or two of their pictures brought a very nice figure.

Life's Tayern.

Life's Tavern.

In this old Tavern there are rooms so

In this old Tavern that I would linger here.

That I would linger here.
I love these corners and familiar nooks
Where I have sat with people and with

tooks.

The very imperfections and the scars

About the walls and ceiling and the

The sagging of the windows and the

The dinginess that mars
The hearth and chimney, and the wood laid bare
There on the old black chair.
The dear dilapidation of the place
Smiles in my face,
And I am loth to go.
Here from the window is a glimpse of sea.

Enough for me;
And every evening, through the window bars,
Peer in the friendly stars.

And yet I know
That some day I must go, and close the door,
And see the house no more

and see the house no more.

-Mary Burt Messer in April "Atlan-

Through Ottawa Sleeper

Leaves at 10.30 p.m. via Grand Trunk Railway. Tickets and reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Fashionable Intelligence

Fitz-Jones goes in for motoring and mixes in society.—"Punch."

A Teller of Queer Tales.

Nearly everyone has in his dimenovel age reveiled in the romances of Jules Verne's heroes, who did such impossible things and possessed such uncanny powers. A writer in the "Pall Mall Magazine," who has visited the old Frenchman, tells of his habits of early rising with an enthusiasm discouraging to the young aspirant who believes in the virtue of midnight oil.

Jules Verne rises early, like most successful writers, and has accomplished his day's work before noon. The afternoon he devotes to a study of the newspapers and magazines: "I read twenty journals a day," he told me; and he finds there the material for his romantic voyages. He began life with thoughts of the law. He studied the manuals of the jurisconsults to please his parents; but he wrote plays in verse to please himself. It is difficult to limagine the well-ordered fancy and scientific precision of a Jules Verne harnessed to so runaway a steed as the dramatic muse. He wrote at least a dozen poetical dramas, none of which, he declared, with a tinge of sadness in his tones, saw the light. Jules Verne even wrote an historical drama founded



Gram=o=phones

are sold and used all over the world, but Gram-ophones that are sold in Canada are "Made in Canada." The only instrument sold with an absolute 5-year guarantee. The records are made in Canada and will wear ten times as long as any other records. No one

need be imposed on by imitators or fakirs—there are 1,800 Gram-o-phone agents in Canada. Look for the dog on the back of the maroon records.

PRICE \$15.00 to \$45.00, INCLUDING 3 RECORDS OF PURCHASERS' CHOICE, OR SOLD ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN IF DESIRED, \$1.00 CASH AND \$2.00 PER MONTH. WRITE OR CALL ON NEAREST AGENT FOR PARTICULARS AND FREE LIST OF 2,000 RECORDS AND CATALOGUE.

FOR SALE IN TORONTO BY

THOS. CLAXTON... ...197 Yonge St. THE NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., 15 King St. E. TORONTO GRAM-O-PHONE CO......48 Queen St. W. T. LONGHURST..... 171 Queen St. E.

We will allow 15c. on each old or broken 7 in. record, 30c. on each old or broken 10 in. record taken in exchange for new records.

HARDY ROSI

r Canadian winters. Fine strong 3-year-old plants, 30c. each; \$3.00 per doz. BOSTON IVY Fine well grown stock in strong 3-year-old plants at 50c each; 2-year-old, 25c. each.

SHRUBS, GRAPE VINES, CLEMATIS, Etc.

Sweet Peas
Our best mixture is composed of the newest and very best of the large flowering varieties in cultivation. Price per lb., \$1; ¼ lb., 30c.; oz., 15c.

Nasturtiums
Our Rainbow Mixture is superb, and is bound to give satisfaction—per oz., 25c......

SOW QUEEN CITY LAWN GRASS

It's cheaper and better than sodding, and if sown now will soon make a fine green sward. Per lb. 25c.; large pkt., 10c.

GREENHOUSES: 1514
Queen St. East. The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited RETAIL STORE: 130 and 132
King St. East.

<u>"</u>

The Beaver Departing.

Canadians will be somewhat alarmed to hear from Mr. Josef Brunner that the beaver is a vanishing animal. It looks as if Alverstone had something to do with it, for Senator Lodge has whispered in confidence that his lord-ship was heard to remark last November, "We've got the beaver skinned." Mr. Brunner takes a deep and scientific interest in the vanishing beaver, and tells in "Country Life in America" of how that gentle animal dams no more in Montana.

For thirty-one miles along a certain Montana stream all the beavers had been killed by trappers. There was only a single colony left at the lower end, and when I pitched camp nearby a trapper was waiting to complete the extermination. I soon saw what was going on, but my remonstrance to the rancher met with incredulity.

"They're not good for anything, anyhow, except their fur," said he positively.

However, I finally induced him to ride along with me next day and see if I could not change his opinion. We mounted at daybreak, and by sunrise were riding along a creek which had had an abundance of beavers in bygone days—as the decaying trees and black stumps showed. The dam had been torn down years before. The stream was running in a deep bed, the vegetation of the surrounding country was ruined, and consequently the pasture was exceedingly meagre.

on the English Gunpowder Plot. Curious that it should have been reserved for a Frenchman to see the dramatic possibilities (and in verse, too!) of Guy Fawkes.

The Beaver Departing.

I pointed it out to my companion, but he insisted that it proved nothing, as the country might always have been barren. After an hour's more riding we passed a flat with a luxurious growth of grass.

"There must be a beaver dam here," said I.

Sure enough, when we went to the

rates must be a beaver dam here, said I.

Sure enough, when we went to the creek we found one. I looked triumphantly at the rancher, but he shook his head and made no remark except a "hm." Going on again, we reached a section where the beavers were practically undisturbed, and had dams at every turn of the creek. The water was level with the banks and the vegetation was of almost tropical luxuriance. This continued for five or six miles, when we cut across country to the stream on which were the rancher's house and my camp. Everywhere we found the same story. where we found the same story.

Now doth the busy Japanese Improve each warlike minute By loading up his little gun And handing out what's in it. —Detroit "Free Press."

Out for the Coins.

Out for the Coins.

Of Continental royalties the King of Italy's superb collection of coins is world famous. Miniatures are a smart craze nowadays, and the collections of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Essex are very fine. An expensive hobby is the collection of uncut precious stones, and some jewelry-loving dames devote their energies to amassing varieties of one particular ornament. Lady Brougham, for instance, has a most interesting and artistic collection of the quaint "eye" brooches. It is distinctly a feather in the cap of the modern woman if she can devise an entirely novel fad, and the effort to be original has led to some weird researches. The collection of ancient skulls seems hardly an inspiriting occupation for one's leisure hours, but it is pursued energetically by one or two individuals with a taste for the morbid.

A Clean Stage.

More people go to the theater than ever before. Shall we stand off and continue our fulminations against the stage? The alliance hopes to influence public taste, and its members can utter approval of clean, wholesome plays, and theater managers may realize that they lose patronage by putting on unclean plays, and gain it by putting on clean plays, and gain it by putting on clean plays.—Rev. Dr. W. H. Van Al-den, Adventist, Boston.

In the Steerage.

An incident of exceptional brutality and one which showed very conclusively the meekness with which the emigrant submits to such treatment, fearing it will affect his chances for being landed, occurred after dinner this day. A group from Potenza, in which we had some friends, had all been very seasick, but were recovering and just beginning to eat and regain their strength. Their dinner was fresh and hot in their pan, they having been among the last to be given their portion, and they hastened into the lee of the last hatch aft on the forward deck, and sat down to enjoy it. On the hatch was a young sailor, who had a besom, and was sweeping the refuse and filth off the hatch cover. Already a pile of repulsive dinner leavings was gathered

STUDIO PHONE-M 403

CONLAN BROS.

Importers of Wall-Papers. Interior Decorations, Room Mouldings, Etc.

Painters, Glaziers, Paper-Hangers, 00000000000000000

Designers, - Fresco Painters.

Saturday Night Building, 28 ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

RESIDENCE PHONE-N 1899

on the hatch not three feet from the heads of the Potenza group. He paused in his work and noticed that they were just begining their dinner, and in brutal sport gave a grand sweep with his broom to the heaped-up refuse, which landed it all over the unwarned circle, half filled their dinner pans and ruined their meal. The sailor stood leaning on his besom laughing at his clever trick. Not a word did the poor devils say, but quietly rose, poured their spoiled dinner over the rail, cleaned off their clothes as well as they could, and waited till supper to appease their hunger. n the hatch not three feet from the

waited till supper to appease their hunger.

It was only the next day that a Greek, who had been long enough in the States to become a citizen and to how his individual rights, gave assailor a severe beating for jostling the Greek's wife. He disabled the German in just three blows.—"Frank Leslie's Monthly."

Forgiven.

Missionary (out west)-Did you ever

forgive an enemy?

Bad Man—Wunst.
"I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?"

"I didn't have no gun."

India's Silly Season Topic.

We suppose we must resign ourselves during the hot weather, when copy is scarce, to frequent repetitions of the old, old story of a threatened Russian invasion of Afghanistan, coupled with painful editorials pointing out its extreme improbability for the hundredth time. It would be kindness to warn the Russians that if they cannot beat the Japs it is sheer madness to run the risk of irritating the Afghans.—"Englishman," Calcutta.

There are only two kinds of children -your own perfect little cherubs and the ill-behaved brats owned by other people,—"Town Topics."



The strongest leather made is the

This we use in our special design of Deep Club Bag, with seams at the ends only and turned over leather on the bottom. Finest quality of frame, with the best gold-plated trimmings and lock, leather lined, single or double handles.

PRICE-18-inch, \$13.00; 20-inch, \$14.00 Express Charges Paid in Ontario

Catalogue S Describes the SPECIAL TRAVELING and LEATHER GOODS WE MAKE

The JULIAN SALE Leather Goods Company, Limited

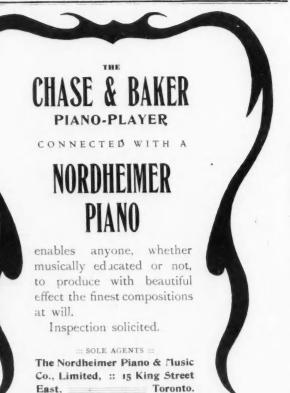
105 KING ST. WEST, ∠ TORONTO

Windows Cleaned...

STORM SASHES REMOVED

Please have your order in early and secure a date.

Toronto Window Cleaning Co., Limited Telephone Main 1413. * * 59 & 61 Victoria St.



The Masculine View

She's really a lovely girl," he said,
"A blonde, and extremely fair,
With a gracefully small and classi
head,"
"Indeed? And what did she wear?"

"Her eyes—you know those eyes like mist, Just the color of skies, at dawn, With lashes the longest, silkiest—" "Yes—yes, but, what had she on?"

"I liked her manner. Its gentle charm Suggested a soul at rest; And then—her smile was so sweet and warm—"
"Good gracious. How was she dressed?

She must have worn some sort of a gown?"
"Why-yes—that is certainly clear;
But I did not see it, I frankly own—
I saw only her, my dear."
—Madeline Bridges, in "Smart Set."

A Bit of Spring.

WATCHED her, and as she raised her fair face to the morning sun she seemed to me a thing of beauty, this winsome sprite. The world greeted her uprising with melody and with gladness in her beauty, for 'twas the glad springtime. She threw aside her draperles. The little vagrant puffs of wind aided and abetted her in so doing, while the lithe sway of her slender body, the poise of her dainty head, with its coronet of gold, worn right regally, was something

to wonder at and watch admiringly as I sat on the bank by the river's brim. Her kirtle flowed out and rippled round her in folds rich and abundant. In color it was a soft emerald green, and was cut and fashloned most cuaningly, by no 'prentice hand. I marveled at the fresh, delicious seent which emanated from her raiment, and I questioned her as to the possibility of my procuring some like it. She smiled and bowed her graceful neck to me, evidently well pleased at my notice of her attractions, but she said, with a little hauteur in her voice, that the perfume I desired to purchase was distilled from "Mother Nature's store," and was, therefore, unsalable.

"Twas a breezy morning. What an inexpressible solace and refreshment it had been to leave the bustling city streets and thus to enjoy the pure air. My last "case" had tired me both mentally and physically.

My last "case" had tired me both men-tally and physically.

I puffed at my briar with great con-tent. The stream flowed on—on, while above me was the clear blue of the sunlit sky, and the arching trees, whis-pering, whispering, in that language of their own, of mysteries and things, which they have seen, that we wot not of—and again I watched her, fascin-ated.

the refrain was, "Rejoice in the sunny days."

And still my wayward belle danced on and on. Perchance the blended odors from the brown earth intoxicated her, for verily, she seemed light-headed, tireless in fier eifin frolics. And the next day, and yet the next, I returned, for she was so fair, so lovable, yet so cor

the next use, and turned, for she was so fair, so lovable, yet so coy.

And when again I passed by the old sun-dial on its broken pedestal, in the quaintly picturesque garden, and hurried to my favorite spot, lo! she was gone. Some rude—perhaps callous—hand had plucked her, maybe for the gratification of an hour, then cast her aside, or a careless foot trampled her unthinkingly.

For the nonce I was inconsolable, although she who had thus touched me in her rich beauty was "but a yellow daffodil," waving in the westerly winds.

JETNA.

News From the Front.

Ping-Yang, Wednesday. — A large party of Japanese, under the art editor of "Collier's Weekly," succeeded in crossing the Anju last night, but were repulsed by a superior torce of Cossacks, under the Sunday editor of the New York "Herald."

Tokio, Wednesday.—It is again rumored that all the war pictures of the New York "Journal" were captured in the Japanese attack on Chow-Gun Sunday. If so, they would appear exclusively in the New York "World," by special treaty with the Japanese Government. The rumor is persistently denied by St. Petersburg. This is a grave loss, and may end the war. Bombay, Thursday.—The regiment of historical novelists, recruited in New York and London, arrived here this morning, on its way to the front. They are a fine body of men.

Tokio, Thursday.—It is now known positively that the garrison at Port Arthur is almost out of photographic supplies, and its evacuation is a matter of a few days.—"Life."

An Odd Question.

It was a devilish odd question to put to a man, and it momentarily knocked out even the polished ex-Adelphi-villain, "Billie" Abingdon. The interrogator was a brother actor—a cultured gentleman and right good fellow—whose better-half had been touring in the States for many moons. And following Abingdon's remark that he had come across the lady fit and well in the city of Noo Yark, the anguished hubby asked: "Is my wife married yet, Bill?"—"Sporting Times."

Rothschild's Retort.

A young globe-trotter was holding forth during a dinner in Paris about the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti and the marvelous beauty of the women there. One of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to enquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with he island. Resenting the baron's enquiry, the youth replied:
"Yes; what struck me most was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there."
"Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, in to wise disconcerted. "Then if you and I go there together we shall make our fortunes."—Exchange.

Not To Be Sent.

Horace T. Eastman, the inventor of ne locomotive pilot, said the other

the locomotive pilot, said the other day:

"This morning I was sitting in a drug store waiting to get a prescription filled when a young Irishman entered.

"The Irishman pointed to a stack of green Castile soap and said:

"Oi want a loomp o' thot.'

"Very well, sir,' said the clerk. 'Will you have it seented or unseented?'

"Oi'll take ut with me,' said the Irishman."—New York "Tribune."

Ideal China.

Ideal China.

England has been curious for some time over the "Letters of a Chinese official," which have appeared from time to time, and which are now attributed to an Englishman living at Cambridge. He arraigns Western civilization for its hypocrisy and inconsistency, and in a burst of eloquence thus describes his Chinese home:

"I can hit on no better device to bring home to you something that is in my mind, than to endeavor to set down here, as faithfully as I can, a picture that never ceases to haunt my memory as I walk in these dreary winter days the streets of your black metropolis. Far away in the East, on the shores of a broad river, stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or gray, modest, cheerful and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift up their blue—or red—tiled roofs out of a sea of green, while here and there giltters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village markets, for prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say they and their ancestors have made.

Here in this lovely valley live thousands of souls, without any law save that of custom, without any law save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are—as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin on the lands they receive from their fathers, to their sons.

Among such a people there is no room for fierce, indecent rivalries. None is master, none servant, but equality concrete and real regulates and sustains their intercourse." master, none servant, but equality con-rete and real regulates and sustains heir intercourse."

A Success.

Mr. Graham Murray's little story old at the Galloway dinner, should be

A Scottish minister, taking his walk A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishloners recumbent in a ditch. "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister. "Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was, it was a most extra-ordinary success."—"Sporting Times."

A Bear Statement.

Dr. Seward Webb was entertaining a large shooting party at his estate in Vermont. Sport was excellent, and every evening after dinner hunting stories were told in the smoking-room. Nearly all of them were true, but there was one guest, a young man, who pulled the long bow a little. He pulled it more than a little on one occasion, and after he had concluded a story

evidently impossible, Dr. Webb took him in hand.

"In '94 I was shooting in the Rock-ies," said Dr. Webb. "I was after grizzlies. I trailed a grizzly to a high peak one day. I advanced toward it along the edge of a precipice three hundred feet high. Getting a good shot at last, I let drive, but missed. The big bear came for me then like lightning. I took aim again, but as I was about to fire my foot slipped, I fell. and my gun dropped from my hand and rolled over the precipice. There I lay, unarmed and helpless, and the maddened grizzly not six feet away."

Here Dr. Webb paused, and lighted a cigarette.

The imaginative young man frowned impatiently. "Well?" he said. "Well? Go on. What happened?"

Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the very grained. "The grizzly downwed."

Or. What happened?" Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the eye, replied: "The grizzly devoured

A preacher who went to a Kentucky parish where the parishioners bred horses was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth he was told he need not do it any more.

"Why" said the preacher, "is she dead?"
"No," answered the man. "she won."

"No," answered the man, "she won the Derby."—Washington "Post,"

"Ads."

"Ads."

Tutor Wanted—For young child of one year; must converse in Latin and Greek, be familiar with the higher psychology, and know how to prepare scientific food. One who is thoroughly familiar with 'transcendental philosophy and knows how to wheel a baby carriage; by a former family of wealth now in reduced circumstances.

Wanted—New President, for a South American republic; must know how to shine shoes, make his own mark, and provide himself with a shovel and a pick. Easy work on canai only eight hours a day and found in quinine. Private letter of encouragement each day from the White House.

I Will Exchange—My wife for almost any other, and fifty thousand thrown in. Bargain must be made without an interview. Address after next week at the Kinker Hospital. J. Knuffsaid.

Lost—An education. My daughter, just returned from college, lost her education somewhere between Chicago and New York. Finder will please return to me and no questions asked. Five dollars reward. Numbskull.

School for Chauffeurs — All grades. Four hundred dummy children run over a day. How to escape. Course in smells. Weak minds made thoroughly cruel in ten days. Send for circular.

The Trusts.

Once they watered their stock in a moderate way, On the sly, as it were, and a little each day;
their courage has grown till it shocks and appals,
they water their stock with Niagara Falls!

—The "Whim."

Danger From Derelicts.

The greatest danger to seamen, ships The greatest danger to seamen, ships and cargoes to be encountered on the high seas is from derelicts. Under no human guidance, at the mercy of the winds, which often drive them with great speed, and drifting, in most instances, in the very currents which form the sea's cross-roads, the derelict is a menace which 'cannot be disregarded. All organized effort to destroy them has failed, and in the majority of cases their destruction is left to nature and chance. Most of the governments of the world endeavor to blow up, with dynamite, all that come within their observation and reach, but these are comparatively few. these are comparatively few.

Real Conversations on a Headland.

Tomboy: There'll be a ripping breeze at the top! Come on!
Poet: There spoke Youth, and Life, and the utter—
Tomboy: Mind your hat doesn't blow off. (They climb higher.)
Poet: Isn't it good to feel the sting of the wind in your face?
Tomboy: What? I can't hear you.
Poet: I was saying, isn't it good to feel the winds of heaven beating about one's temples!
Tomboy: Ripping! Buck up!
Poet: All right. No hurry. What is it Pope says—
Tomboy: Who?
Poet: Pope. "Seas roll to waft me. suns to light me rise; My footstool earth. my—"
Tomboy: I'm going to take off my hat. Don't be shocked.
Poet: Why should I be? I love to see your hair flowing loose upon the breeze, You remind me of some wild pony on the mountain side.
Tomboy: Don't be rude. Hurrah!
Here we are!
Poet: At last. What a climb!
Tomboy: Don't you feel all the better for it?
Poet: I feel like a giant refreshed. Tomboy: There'll be a ripping breeze

Poet: I feel like a giant refreshed. Shall we sit down, or do you think the grass is damp?
Tomboy: Oh, it's dry enough. (They

Tomboy: Oh, it's dry enough. (They sit down.)
Poet: Phew!
Tomboy: Tired?
Poet: No, no, no, "Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither."
Tomboy: What's that? More poetry?
Poet: A fragment from poor, dear Wordsworth. Don't you care for noetry?

poetry?
Tomboy: I like bits of Tennyson.
Didn't he write something about the sea?

Didn't he write something about the sea?

Poet: Rather! Don't you remember:
"Broad based upon her people's will, and compassed by the inviolate sea"?
Tomboy: Oh, yes. What a clinking memory you've got.
Poet: I should hardly call it memory. These things become part of one's self, so to speak.
Tomboy: I'm afraid they don't become part of me.
Poet: But you are a poem in yourself, a chant of youth, a song of triumph, a— (His hat blows off.) Dash!
Tomboy: Race you for it.—Keble Howard, in London "Daily Mail."

Race Prejudice.

You may say anything you please about the race and not go far wrong. It is like criticizing a composite photograph. There is nothing personal about it. Who is offended at the caricatures of Brother Jonathan or of John Bull? We recognize certain persistent national traits, but we also recognize the element of good-humored exaggeration. The Jew, the Slay, the Celt, the Angled Saxon, have existed for ages. Each has admired himself, and been correspondingly disliked by others. Even the negro as a racial abstraction is not sensitive. You may, if you will, take

up the text, so much quoted a generation ago, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be. . . God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant." Dromio Africanus listens unmoved to the exegesis of Petroleum V. Nasby and his compeers at the Crossroads: "God cust Canaan. and sed he shood be a servant forever. Did he mean us to pay him wages? Not eny; for ef he hed he wood hev ordered our tastes and habits so es we shood hev hed the wherewithal to do it."—S. M. Crothers.

Without a Stain.

A man who was accused at the Man-A man who was accused at the Man-sion House of stealing a check suc-cessfully pleaded an alibi, proving that he was in prison at the time. He left the court without a stain on his char-acter.—"Punch."

A Witty Reply.

A hum-drum British poet complained to Oscar Wilde of the neglect with which his poems were treated by the critics.

"There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me, What would you advise me to do?" he enquired of Wilde.

"Toly it" week the second of the control of the c

Wilde.
"Join it," was the unconsoling reply.
-From "Personalia," by "Sigma."

Embarrassment of Riches: Margate

Mother—Now, Tommy, which would you rather do—have a donkey ride or watch father bathe?

Not the Favorites.

Two New York booksellers were riding down town recently, and were reading "shop" gossip in the newspapers. A sporty-looking man sat just behind them. "Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places The Virginian first, 'Mrs. Wiggs' second and—" "Gentlemen," interrupted the sporting man, eagerly, "excuse me for butting in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I am saying. That dope sheet you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."

The Woman's Club.

In the May "Atlantic Monthly" this scrap of conversation occurs in the course of a serious article on "The Work of the Woman's Club:"

In a suburban car some years ago I became interested in two ladies, in whom I soon recognized those well-known people, Mrs. Arriving was directly opposite me, and her staccato, penetrating voice compelled me in this instance to be a willing listener.

"Were you at the club yesterday?" she asked with a certain eagerness, as if to bring the important subject forward before it should make way for the regular traffic of servants and gowns.

"No I was too husy at home to think."

gowns.
"No, I was too busy at home to think of going." answered Mrs. Arrived.
"Oh, it's too bad to let trivial things keep you away. We had such an elevating lecture. Feally, it gave me such an united." uplift!

uplift!"
"Indeed! I remember you were to
have Mr. O——. What was his subject?" asked Mrs. Arrived in an indul-

ject?" asked Mrs. Arrived in an indulgent tone.
"It was Lowell. You know, the one everyone was talking about last spring. It seemed to me that every person I met asked me to put down my name for a small subscription. Somebody wanted to build a monument or do something for him in Cambridge. If I had heard Mr. O— then, I believe I should have given something. But it is probably just as well. Mr. O— did not say anything about its having been done."

done."
"What did Mr. O— say?" Mrs. Arrived's tone was still indulgent. "Did he speak of Lowell's poetry?"
"Oh, no—at least not much. He talked about—let me see, I can tell you in a minute just what his subject was—Lowell, the man. the American, and the historian," answered Mrs. Arriving triumphantly

and the historian," answered Mrs. Arriving triumphantly.
"But Lowell was not an historian," interrupted the other lady.
"Oh, wasn't he? How foolish! Now I remember. It was Lowell, the man, the American, and the essayist. But he said a lot about the civil war, that's where I got mixed up about history," and Mrs. Arriving's tone indicated no confusion.
"I am very fond of Lowell's poetry."

very fond of Lowell's poetry,"
Arrived reflectively. "The "I am very fond of Lowell's poetry," said Mrs. Arrived reflectively. "The Commemoration Ode seems to me among the noblest poetry we have produced."
"You have read it, then! Mr. O—said something about it, and advised us all to read it. I made up my mind that I should just as soon as I could get it from the library. It's guels a bother to

I should just as soon as I could get it from the library. It's such a bother to get a thing at once. Every one is sure to rush for it. By the time I can get hold of the book I have usually forgotten what I wanted to read."

"Why don't you buy it, then?"

"I buy books! My goodness, my last dressmaker's bill was three hundred dollars. I guess I sha'n't waste any money on books as long as the public supports a good library."

"Did Mr. O—— refer to any other poem, or recommend any other to your "Did Mr. O— refer to any other poem, or recommend any other to your

"Yes, he said by all means to read the Fable for Critics, He read some screechingly funny passages from that; and he wanted us not to neglect Ulysses."

screechingly funny passages from that; and he wanted us not to neglect Ulysses."

"Ulysses." Lowell did not write Ulysses; that is Tennyson's." Mrs. Arrived was evidently annoyed.

"Now I remember. I do get so mixed up. It was Columbus! But Mrs. R.—, you know, the one whose husband writes poetry, she said, when we were going home, that whenever she read Columbus, her husband made her read Ulysses as an antidote. Wasn't that a funny thing to say? That's the way I got them mixed up." Mrs. Arriving continued placidly, "I don't wonder that I do, there is so much to think about. Now there's the topics of the day. You don't go to Miss Informed's Current Events Class, do you?"

"No, do you?" Mrs. Arrived questioned curtly.

"I couldn't get on without it," answered Mrs. Arriving. "You see, it takes only an hour and a half once a week. And she tells us everything that's going on, so I never look into a paper, except for the deaths and teas. I just came from there this morning. Such an interesting morning, too! You know she talked about the necessity of having a Society for the Protection of the Motor Men from the Severe Weather. Yes, I joined, I think it is too cruel that they should be so exposed to the coid. I shall use all my influence, and make my husband use his, to have talked! Now, I must get off on this next block. You know I have to look the motor. I have to look the motor. I have to look the coil. I shall use all my influence, and make my husband use his, to have the cars vestibuled. Well, how I have to look the motor. You know I have to look the motor. I have to look the motor. You know I have to look the coil.



GOURLAY PIANO

Stands at the Head

And why shouldn't it? With the inspiration success brings, with the finest materials, the most intelligent craftsmen, and the latest approved patents, it would be strange, indeed, if Gourlay Pianos were not the best.

We want you to see a Gour-lay. We will gladly mail you our Catalogue free.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming 188 Yonge Street.

Chicago.

Good housewives 'an Good housewives are partial to the Marshall Sanitary statress because it is so clean, wholesome and healthy. Kept so by continual circulation of air through its perfect ventilation.

London

See it in R. Simpson Co.'s Furniture Dept.

He got perfectly furious yesterday be-cause he had to wait for me for an hour."

"Well, it must have been rather hard

"Well, it must have been rather hard to sit in that storm for an hour, unprotected," interposed Mrs. Arrived, "What does one keep a coachman for? I guess he could stand it if the horses could. Here's my street. Goodbye, dear, I'll come and see you if ever I get a coachman who can stand the weather. Oh, I do hope you'll help about the motor men. Good-bye." Her last sentence was wafted back from the platform of the car.

I glanced involuntarily toward the lady who remained. "The club leaves us where it finds us." I said to her.

And she, perhaps mistakenly, answered, "No, it carries us into an uncertain knowledge that is worse than ignorance."

Smallness and Humor.

Is there any connection between lack of inches and the possession of humor? Most, if not all, of our distinguished comedians are small men. Little Tich, Arthur Roberts, Huntley Wright, Dan Leno, Harry Lauder, Harry Randall and Teddy Payne are all much below the average height. The one exception that occurs at the moment is Chirgwin.—"Tatler."

Decadent Australia!

Australia is no longer pre-eminent in sport. Some swimming records still remain to us, and we have the world's sculling champion, but at football the Maorilanders kick chips off us, the Yankee bruisers knock us out somewhere about the tenth round, the 'Murkan cyclists (black and white) "jump" away with any prizes worth having, and the cricket situation is gloomy.—Sydney "Bulletin."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Mulock—On Thursday, May 5th, at 538
Jarvis street, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, a
daughter.
Chesterfield—At Chicago, Ill., on 18th
April, 1904, Rosalind, wife of Mr.
Henry Chesterfield, of a son.
Rice—April 27, Toronto, Mrs. Edgar Rice,
a daughter.
Beal—April 29, Toronto, Mrs. Fred C. Beal, a daughter.
Scott-May 2. Toronto, Mrs. James Scott,
a son.
Fraser-April 30. Toronto, Mrs. A. D.
Fraser, a daughter.

Marriages

Marriages

Yarwood—Greene—On Wednesday, May
4th, at the Cathedral of St. Alban the
Martyr, Toronto, by the Rev. Canon
Maenab, Stephen Yarwood of Mexico,
son of the late C. St. George Yarwood,
Esq., to Edith Alberta, only daughter
of Columbus H. Greene, Esq., barrister, of Toronto.
Reeve—Campton—April 27, Toronto, Margaret Jane Milligan Campton to Herbert James Reeve.
O'Hara—Harrison—April 28, Toronto, MarMaude Harrison—April 28, Toronto, MarGoodall—Watson—April 28, Toronto, Ianthe Watson to Charles E. O'Hara.
Reed—Gerrie—April 30, Toronto, Rose Gerrie to Charles Ardagh Reed.
Parker—Bowell — April 20, Vancouver,
Hazel Steele Bowell to George Adamson Parker.

Deaths Deaths

Hart—April 28, Toronto, Victor E. Hart, aged 42 years.
Andrews—April 27, Toronto, H. G. Andrews aged 49 years.
Macdonald—April 28, Toronto, Sara Eleanor Macdonald.
Irving—April 29, Toronto, Andrew Scott Irving, aged 67 years.
Massic—May 1, Toronto, James Massic, aged 71 years.
Casselman—May 3, Toronto, Kenneth Clark Casselman, aged 12 years.
Russell—May 2, Winnipeg, John Russell.
Segsworth—April 28, Monck, William Segsworth, aged 70 years.

> J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard) The Leading Undertaker 359 Yongo Street Phone M. 679.

> H. STONE

343 YONGE STREET. Phone Main 982